Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 101.—Vol. VIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 8, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Lafayette*

Lady Helen Vincent

Who is a very keen skater and is constantly seen at Prince's Skating Rink, which has just opened for the season

No. 101.—Vol. VIII.

CONTENTS

Wednesday, November 8, 1905

	PAGE
Frontispiece	261
Random Jottings	263
The World's Pageant	268
The Exodus to India	271
Recollections of a Diplomat	272
Prince's Skating Rink—Its Owner	273
Skilful Habituées of Prince's Skating Rink	274
A Modern Election	275
Revival of the Walking Cane	276
The Royal Tour: Bombay City	278
The Playhouses	280
Hunting	282
The King's Visit to Epping Forest	286
The Connoisseur	288
Our Short Story—"The Later Edition." By Victor Bridges	289
"Public Opinion," at Wyndham's Theatre	295
The Library	297
A Bookman's Gossip	298
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	300
A Welcome Re-Appearance: Mrs. Bernard Beere	301
The Riots at Santiago, Chili	302
Week-end Sport. By H. S. Scrivener	303
The "Carlton": Afloat and Ashore	305
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	308
A Woman's Note Book	312

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.

THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.

Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

EMPIRE THEATRE LEICESTER SQUARE

EVERY EVENING at 8.15 (doors open 8), THE BUGLE CALL, an Original Divertissement, A REVUE. Excerpt from MADAME SHERRY. Supported by Specially Selected Varieties. MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

"The Selling Plater." By Nat Gould. (John Long: 2s.)

"In Freedom's Cause." By G. A. Henty. (Blackie: 3s. 6d.)

"A Knight of St. John." By F. S. Brereton. (Blackie: 6s.)

"Brown of Moukden." By H. Strang. (Blackie: 5s.)

"French Nan." By A. and E. Castle. (Smith, Elder: 6s.)

"The Broken Fetter." By John K. Leys. (Digby, Long: 6s.)

"A Pilgrim of Love." By Henrietta Taubman-Goldie. (Digby, Long: 6s.)

"The Man from America." By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Smith, Elder: 6s.)

"The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel." By R. E. Vernède. (Alston Rivers: 6s.)

"The Cleansing of the Lords." By Harold Wintle. (John Lane: 6s.)

"The Red Laugh." By Leonidas Andreief." (Fisher Unwin: 1s. net.)

"The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight." By the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (Smith, Elder: 6s)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Reminiscences of a Retired Diplomat." By Frederick St. John, K.C.M.G. (Chapman and Hall: 15s. net.)

"Once Upon a Time." By Luiga Capuana. (Fisher Unwin: 1s.)

"Kate Greenaway." By M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard. (A. and C. Black: 20s. net.)

"The Little Dutch Dolls." By Walter Copeland. (Blackie: 6d. net.)

"Molly and Her Brothers." By Mabel Earle. (Blackie: 2s. 6d.)

"The Black Cat Book." By Walter Copeland. (Blackie: 1s. 6d.)

"Round the World." By Ascott R. Hope. (Blackie: 2s.)

"Blackie's Children's Annual." (Blackie: 3s. 6d.)

"Droll Doings." By Harry B. Nelson. (Blackie: 3s. 6d.)

"Correct Bridge." By Henry Agary. (Simpkin, Marshall: 2s.)

"The Siege of the South Pole." By Hugh R. Mill. (Alston Rivers: 7s. 6d. net.)

"Biography for Beginners." By E. Clerihew. Illustrated by G. K. Chesterton. (Werner Laurie: 6s. net.)

"The Story of a Devonshire House." By Lord Coleridge, K.C. (Fisher Unwin: 15s. net.)

"The Italian Lakes." By Richard Bagot. (A. and C. Black: 20s. net.)

"An Outlander in England." By J. H. M. Abbott. (Methuen: 6s.)

"Blue Grass and Rhododendron." By John Fox, junr. (Constable: 6s. net.)

"Hector, My Dog." By Egerton R. Young. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6s.)

"The History of Henry Esmond." By W. M. Thackeray. (Macmillan: 6s.)

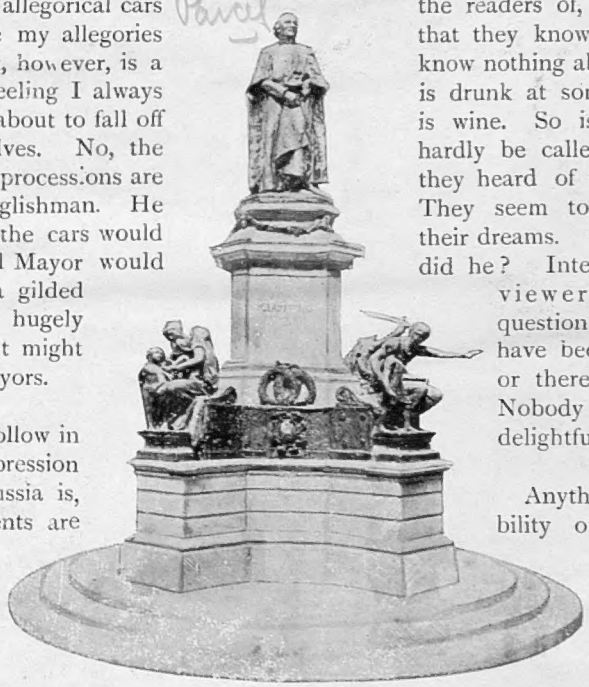
"The Day Book of Claudius-Clear." By W. Robertson-Nicoll. (3s. 6d.)

Random Jottings

Once more the day of London's annual procession is upon us, and once more it may be worth asking why the Lord Mayor's Show cannot be anything but quaintly absurd? The Lord Mayor himself is not absurd—at least to right-minded persons; the people who support him are very important and dignified. The whole function is a historical one, calculated to indicate the greatness of the City. Yet Londoners will persist in regarding it as a joke. It is nonsense to say in excuse that we have not a genius for elaborating processions. As processions go, the Lord Mayor's is not a bad one. The allegorical cars are said to be very fine. I do not care for allegorical cars myself, and prefer to have my allegories and my cars separate. That, however, is a [illegible] to a feeling I always [illegible] allegories are about to fall off [illegible] and hurt themselves. No, the truth is, I take it, that these processions are too slow for the average Englishman. He wants something rapid. If the cars would gallop, or the outgoing Lord Mayor would race his successor, each in a gilded coach, the thing would be hugely popular. But, of course, it might end in a scarcity of Lord Mayors.

Revolutions are hard to follow in a daily paper. My chief impression of the one going on in Russia is, that numberless correspondents are on their way dashing about in droschkys, being held up alternately by policemen and revolutionaries, and getting shot at on their way to the telegraph office on suspicion of being either grand-dukes or nihilists. This is very exciting—for the correspondents. But what one rather wants to know is what the Russians are trying to effect by all this. Their whole aim and object cannot be to kill all the newspaper correspondents in the country by mistake. They have not enjoyed the benefits of a free Press long enough to make such an aim intelligible. Besides, there are opposite parties in Russia, and they cannot both desire the same thing. I suppose the truth will come out sooner or later, but at present topsy-turviness in Russia seems to have become a fine art, up to which we require educating.

It is a fine and impressive thing when, on the occasion of some public reference being made to Oxford or Cambridge—as, for example, to the drink-wave at Oxford—Heads of Colleges are interviewed by reporters, with a view to ascertaining what they have to say about it. Between interviewers and the Heads of Colleges there is somehow a gulf fixed. Actors, authors, statesmen, scientists, and even Bishops, fall readily enough into the clutch of the interviewer. "Yes," says the Bishop, promptly, "I have been much interested by——" whatever it may be, and the interview goes merrily on. Heads of Colleges are different. They are polite, but they do not seem to have heard of the thing everybody is talking about. They are quite anxious to gratify the readers of, say, the *Daily Drum*—not that they know of its existence—but they know nothing about a drink-wave. "Beer is drunk at some colleges—certainly. So is wine. So is whiskey. But that can hardly be called a drink-wave." "Have they heard of the Bishop of London?" They seem to have heard the title—in their dreams. "He spoke of a drink-wave, did he? Interesting." Then the interviewer retires baffled, and the question dies down. There may have been a drink-wave at Oxford, or there may not. Nobody knows. Nobody ever will know. It is delightful.



Gladstone unveiled

The statue of the great Statesman in the East Strand, unveiled on Saturday last by Mr. John Morley. The monument is of Portland stone, twenty-two feet high, and the statue, designed by Mr. H. Thorneycroft, is of bronze, and whether by design or not, faces the Houses of Parliament

Anything that suggests the possibility of getting about London more quickly than at present is interesting, and that, I suppose, is why the linking of the cabs with the telephones has evoked so much enthusiasm. It does sound nice, being able to telephone for one's cab instead of sending Maria with a whistle to blow at the street-corner until she is exhausted, and one's neighbours have been wrought up to frenzy, and all chance of catching one's train has disappeared. I say it sounds nice, but when one thinks about it, the bloom comes off the scheme. For how many houses have telephones, or are within reasonable distance of one? I am no statistician, but I should think that for every hundred cabs wanted, there was one chance of telephoning. Of course, if a man wants two cabs, the scheme will come in useful. He can whistle for the first one, and when he has got it he can drive to the telephone and order a second. Most of us, of course, only want one cab at a time. Still, we must not complain. In days to come, no doubt, we shall be able to drive our own car or balloon to the telephone, there order our

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Mrs. Warren's Suppression: or, McAdoo About Nothing

SCENE: *A drawing-room in New York, containing piano with draped legs, some of Mr. Watt's best-known pictures "en camisole," stucco statue of Liberty in petticoat, and other evidences of that uncompromising spirit of decency said to be the hall-mark of drawing-rooms is that degree of longitude. Enter hastily Mrs. Warren, a Sempstress, and Mr. Shaw, who—with considerable agility—turns the key in the door upon the pursuing figure of Police-Commissioner McAdoo.*

P.C. MCADOO (*shouting through door*): I warn you right here that anything you say will be used as evidence against you.

MR. SHAW: Ever so many thanks. Only going to have a chat with Mrs. Warren about a little play we got up recently in aid of ground-down sempstresses. Call through, won't you, if we say anything calculated to bring a blush to the cheek of a New York policeman? (*Walks across room and sits down in chair.*) (*To Mrs. Warren*): This is ever such a nuisance!

MRS. WARREN (*in her backest of back-street voices*): It's a burning shame. I'm sure I did my best. I'm sure I exposed everything there was to expose. I'm sure all the ground-down women of America ought to be grateful to me. (*Sniffles.*)

MR. SHAW (*in his most soothing manner*): Never say die.

MRS WARREN (*whimpering*): And all the thanks I get is to be suppressed by the police——

MR. SHAW: They aren't artists, you know. They don't know a good play when they see one Can't expect 'em to. I appeal to serious women.

THE SEMPSTRESS (*who has been looking from window all this time into street below, from which groans and cries are coming up*): There seem to be some serious women below——

MR. SHAW (*pleased*): That's right. Ever so right. What are they saying?

THE SEMPSTRESS (*listening*): They seem to be talking of coming in and tearing you to bits.

MR. SHAW: Never mind. Fate of Ibsen. Ever so flattering to Ibsen to have been treated in the same way as me. I shan't mind. Bits of me are better than wholes of other men. The subsistence-wage women will thank me——

THE SEMPSTRESS (*doubtfully*): Ye-es.

MRS. WARREN: Why do you speak so hesitatingly.

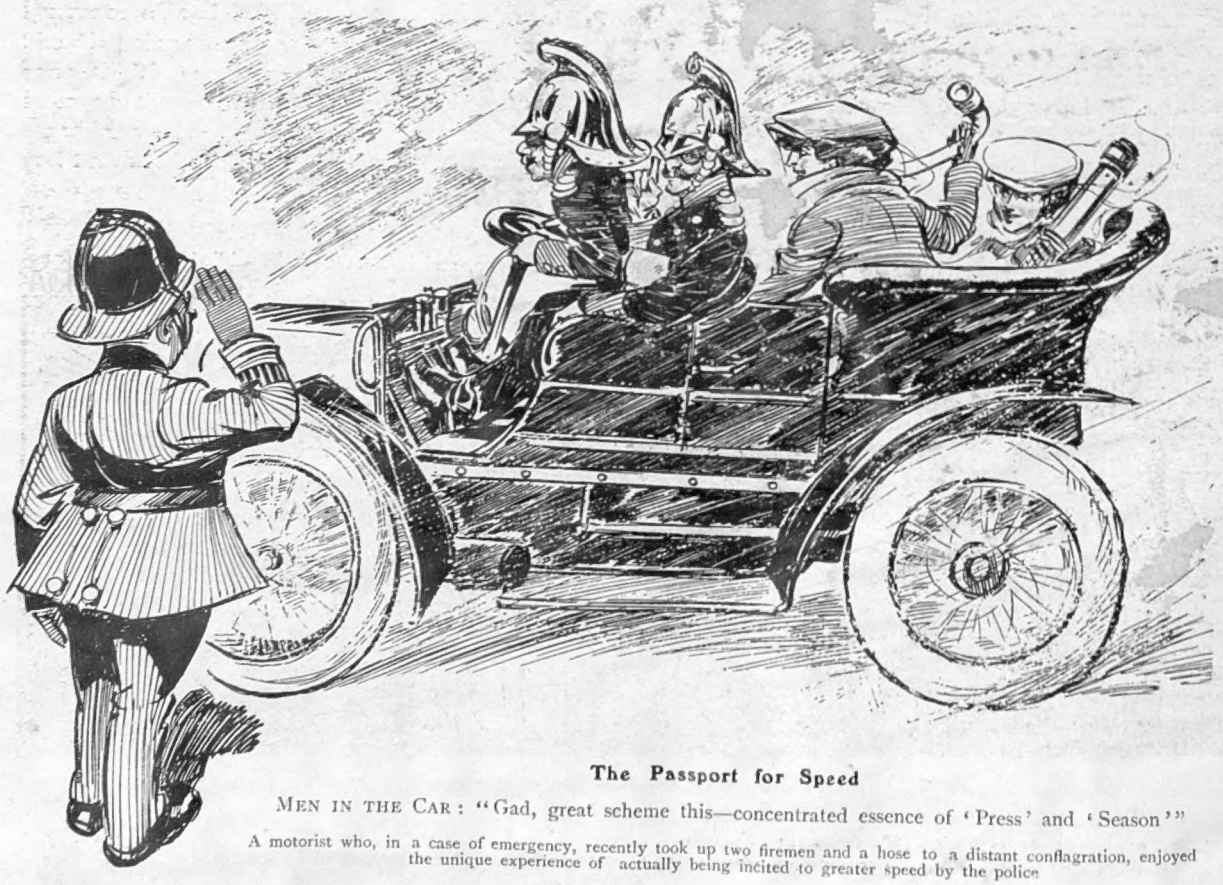
THE SEMPSTRESS: Because I'm not sure. You see, it's very nice to have attention called to our lot, but the play is so amusing that I don't fancy people realised what a moral object Mr. Shaw had, until he told them by cable. That's a pity, isn't it?

MR. SHAW: Fault of Amer. public. Prudish, narrow-minded, vicious, material, sentimental. Ever so sentimental. Consequently want everything done sentimentally. Not my line. In the meanwhile, Mrs. W., perhaps you and I had better retire to some other country—I don't like encouraging romance . . . but . . . if that chimney is wide enough t[o] get up——?

MRS. [WA]RREN (*distractedly, as the tumult in the streets gets [lou]der*): Ye[s] . . . let's try the chimney.

THE SEMPSTRESS (*[gi]ves them a hand up the chimney*): I hope you'll get clean away. I'm awfully grate[ful] of course, for what you intended.

MR. SHA[W]: [Nev]er so kind of you to say so, under the circumstances . . . I don't mind if I do get a little sooty in going. Can't sweep a chimney without looki[ng] a little black, you know. Serious women won't mind. Bye-bye. Love to McAdoo! (*Disappears in an ecstasy of complacency, leaving Sempstress gaz[ing] with admiration in room below.*)



The Passport for Speed

MEN IN THE CAR: "Gad, great scheme this—concentrated essence of 'Press' and 'Season'"

A motorist who, in a case of emergency, recently took up two firemen and a hose to a distant conflagration, enjoyed the unique experience of actually being incited to greater speed by the police

A Forecast of Printing House Square

"*Times*, please, quick!"

"Yes, Sir. Your cheque for £3 18*s.*, please, and if you'll enter your name on the Waiting List, we will see that you receive the books, bottles, boots, clothes, or shaving requisites by the first of next June, with a copy of the paper as soon as we move into our new premises"

DRAWN BY FRANK GILLETT

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

The Russian Word for "Hooting Rink

Photo by E. H. Mills

Mr. Lawson Wood

The well-known black and white artist, who will exhibit at the Dore Gallery on November 15

Anarchy in Russia

If the new-born Constitution in Russia survives, it should develop into a sturdy infant. At present the old disorders seem likely to carry the Constitution off. The news from all parts of the country is as bad as it can be. Pillage and massacre from Kieff, from Marinpol, from Alexandrovo. At Odessa, hundreds of Jews have been dragged from their shops and murdered. In the general gloom, a ray of light shines from the capital, where the meeting of Revolutionaries which was to have been held on Sunday last was postponed. Meanwhile, Count Witte, in Petersburg, is acting foster-mother to the infant Constitution. The word "Hooligan" ("khuligani") has now been Russianized. It is to be hoped that in the near future they will borrow from us terms of more peaceful purport.

Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein

Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, the youngest daughter of Princess Christian, will sail on November 18, on the Orient s.s. *Ormuz, en route* for Burmah and Ceylon, where she will stay for some months. The Princess is a great favourite with King Edward, who has done all in his power to render her somewhat solitary existence a happy one. The Princess, too, has many resources in herself, with her literary and artistic tastes, while her enamel work is quite equal to a professional expert, and almost every charity bazaar is enriched by specimens of her art. Her designs for this work are not only decorative, but exceedingly original—a most beautiful piece of workmanship being the memorial cross for the grave of her gallant brother, Prince Victor; the cross, measuring two feet in length, is wrought in enamels

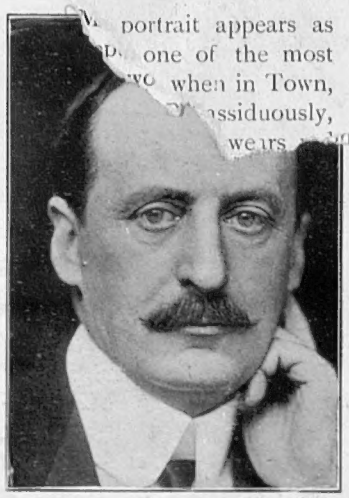


Photo b ...Feresford

Sir Charles Hardinge

British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, who was prevented from leaving St. Petersburg owing to the Revolution, and had to journey to England *viâ* Sweden

The Reign of Terror in the Russian Provinces: Typical Russian "Hooligans"

The word "Hooligan" has now been adopted in Russia to signify the bands of armed ruffians who are responsible for the outrages which are being committed throughout the provinces. From all parts of the country come terrible stories of hooligans pillaging the shops of the Jews and ruthlessly slaughtering the owners. At Odessa, hundreds of Jews have been massacred, the casualties on the hooligan side numbering 120

The Exodus to India

Photo by [Thomson

Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein

Who will follow the example of T.R.H. The Prince and Princess of Wales in making a tour of India. Princess Louise will sail on November 18, on the Orient s.s. *Ormus*, for Burmah and Ceylon

of brilliant colouring. Princess Louise is tall and slight, with blue eyes, and has a particularly charming and attractive personality.

The Anecdotes of a Diplomat

Everyone will be reading directly the reminiscences of Sir Frederick St. John, whose book

Recollections of a Diplomatic Rink

has just been published by Chapman and Hall (15*s.* net). Everyone, that is to say, who takes an interest in obtaining clear glimpses of the lives of many of the most interesting personalities concerned with statecraft and high Continental Society of the latter half of the past century. Sir Frederick, when he retired from the Diplomatic Service two or three years ago, was our Envoy to Switzerland, but there is scarcely a capital in Europe, Asia, or America, where, in the course of his long career, he has not been stationed. Perhaps his most interesting chapter in a charming book is that dealing with Pekin, where he served under the famous Sir Frederick Bruce, the brother of Lord Elgin. Sir Frederick Bruce was adored by the Chinese, his calm and suave temperament gaining him the confidence and respect of the Orientals. In fact, so great was his power over them, that it was said that the two brothers, Lord Elgin, as Viceroy of India, and Sir Frederick Bruce, ruled between them over more than half the human race. When the author was in Pekin, Gordon was there, and there are some interesting anecdotes concerning him. The account of Sir Frederick's ride from Pekin, through [illegible] portrait appears as Russia, in the de[illegible] one of the most panied only by tw[illegible] when in Town, one servant, records pe[illegible]ssiduously, the most perilous feats of t[illegible]ears. [illegible]-o. record. The book is very chattily and interestingly written, though it does not betray any secrets of State. Indeed, the only criticism one can pass about it is, that the author is perhaps a trifle too reticent. He could have told us a great deal about ex-King Milan, who was a friend of his, and his acquaintance with the late Empress of Austria and the late Crown Prince Rudolph make us feel he could have told us a good deal concerning them which has been withheld. Nevertheless, the book will be read everywhere, for Sir Frederick is a good *raconteur*. In his career, he was one of the most tactful of diplomats, and in his younger days was a sportsman whose reputation was known from one side of the world to the other.

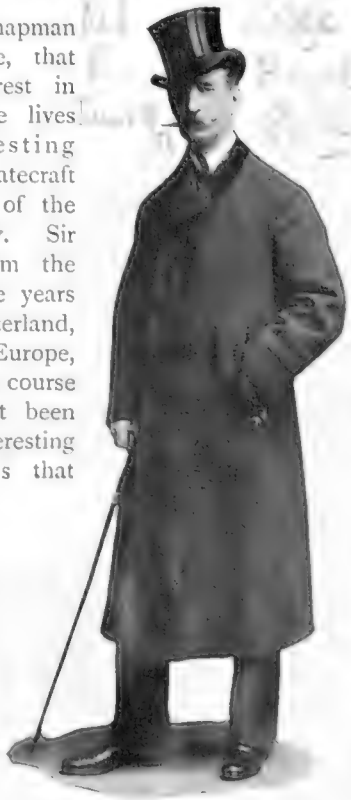


Photo by Boissonas and Japonier

The King of Greece

Who is shortly to pay a visit to the King and Queen in London

The King of Greece

The King of Greece, the popular brother of our Queen, arrives at Windsor on November 13, on a visit to the King and Queen, and will be accompanied by his third son, Prince Nicholas of Greece, and Princess Nicholas. King George always thoroughly enjoys his visits to this country, and speaks English wonderfully well. At his birth there seemed little

Sir Frederick St. John, K.C.M.G.

Whose interesting "Reminiscences of a Retired Diplomat" has just been published

Photo by Elliott and Fry

Sir Andrew Noble, Bart., K.C.B.

Chairman of the great firm of Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., Ltd.

...ce's Skating Rink—Its Owner

...coming a crowned head, so, like ...sh Princes, he was brought up ...ge of some specific trade, farming ...n in his case. Later, he became a Sailor. He served as a middy in the British Navy, and when the Greek delegates came on board to beg his acceptance of the Crown of Greece, he was undergoing mast-heading for some trifling offence! He is still devoted to the sea, and so is the Queen of Greece, who is the only lady Admiral in Europe. King George is extremely popular in this country, as he is in his own, and is one of the most courteous and kind-hearted of men, being specially devoted to children and dogs. A favourite dog usually accompanies the King wherever he goes, and the story goes that when at a German spa some years ago, the attendants, not knowing him, refused this dog admission to the Kursaal Gardens. The King replied, "Very well, if my dog has to remain outside, I will keep him company!" When too late, the officials found out their mistake, they apologised profusely, but they could not persuade King George to visit the Kursaal again.

Photo by *Lafayette.*

The Duchess of Bedford

Sole owner, by a recent purchase, of Prince's Skating Rink

The Head of Armstrong's

Among the "engineers of victory" whom Japan is at present engaged in honouring, some place must be given to the head of the great ship-building firm, Messrs. Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth and Co., Ltd., in whose yards were built many of Togo's victorious craft. The man who holds this distinguished position is Sir Andrew Noble, its Chairman. Though the present Lord Armstrong is a member of the Board, he is not, as was recently mentioned in THE BYSTANDER, the actual head. Sir Andrew Noble succeeded to the Chairmanship on the death of the late

Photo by *Illustrations Bureau*

Winter Amusements in Town: Prince's Skating Rink, which has just re-opened

Skilful Habituées of Prince's Skating Rink

Lord Armstrong in 1900. He has superintended immense undertakings, and has been instrumental in raising the firm to one of the greatest industries in the world. It now employs nearly thirty thousand employees, has a capital of nearly £5,000,000, and a wages bill of about £35,000 a week.

Prince's Skating Rink

Prince's Skating Rink, which has just re-opened, will probably prove one of the most popular rendezvous during the coming winter months. The Duchess of Bedford, who is now the sole owner of the Rink, takes an active interest in its welfare, and is constantly to be seen there. She has become an excellent skater, and though she is devoted to figure-skating, prefers waltzing on the ice. The Duchess personally supervises all the details, and it is thanks to her practical energy that Prince's has become such an undoubted success, its only fault being that it is hardly large enough for all those who want to skate and those who prefer to watch.

Photo by *Langfier*

Mrs. George Cornwallis-West

Who is among the most skilful skaters at Prince's

Lady Helen Vincent, whose [illegible] the frontispiece to this issue, is [illegible] graceful skaters seen at Prince's, and, is there every day; she practises most a[illegible] and generally [illegible]red when on the ice. Lady Helen is tall and slender, with pale, golden hair, and is one of the most beautiful women of the day.

Other ladies who have adopted skating as their favourite amusement are Lady Archie Campbell and Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, both of whom devote a great deal of time to this enjoyable pastime. Mrs. Grenander and her sister, Miss Wilson, are perhaps the most skilful and the most accomplished skaters in London, and it is a real pleasure to watch them waltzing on the ice. Miss Margaret Irby, a very pretty girl, who is shortly to marry Sir Morgan Crofton, is another regular habituée of Prince's, and skates with perfect ease and grace. She had the honour of gaining a prize in the skating competition held some years ago at Niagara before the King and Queen.

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

Miss Margaret Irby

Photo by *Esmé Collings*

Mrs. Grenander

TWO ACCOMPLISHED SKATERS OFTEN SEEN AT PRINCE'S

A Modern Election

Mr. J. S. Fletcher
The winning Conservative Candidate
Photo by Johnston and Hoffman

Photos by *Illustrations Bureau*

ARE we taking our politics less seriously? It would seem so, to judge by the recent contest at "Happy Hampstead," where humour and genial banter took the place of the rancour and bitterness of old. "Rally Round Rowe" was the alliterative Radical battle cry, and their hoardings were neatly plastered over with anti-Ministerial posters of the good-natured order. The Conservatives, for their part, replied in coin. The lowest poster in our illustrations is a good specimen of their humorous style, and that of John Bull patting the Premier on the back — "He's good enough for me"—made a direct appeal to Conservative good nature. It was a happy idea, too, to issue, under the heading of "Measures passed by the Liberal Government," a book full of blank pages. Let it not, however, be supposed that the campaign was entirely humorous. Mr. Winston Churchill made some speeches.

Revival of the Walking Cane

A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY MODE FOR PARISIAN WOMEN

Should women carry canes? That is the grave problem which has recently been exercising the minds of the *élégantes* of Paris.

The idea is of German origin, but, for once, that fact has not been allowed to prejudice Paris entirely against it. No less a personage than the young Crown Princess of Germany has initiated Berlin Society into the fashion of the feminine walking-stick. Every day Her Imperial Highness walks in the Thiergarten carrying a cane reaching as high as her face, the top of which is studded with rubies and other precious and glittering gems.

Berlin Copies Old Paris

And all Berlin has imitated the fashion, so that the avenues of the great park resemble those of Versailles in the middle of the seventeenth century, when the cane was part of the equipment of every elegant woman who considered herself really stylish.

Paris does not like to see its historic glories—even so small a one as this—stolen by the Germans, so it is seriously concerned whether or not canes had not better be at once re-introduced into Paris fashions.

Canes as an Aid to Expression

Arguments, however, are both for and against the proposal. On the one hand, certainly, it is contended that the cane gives a woman a certain grace. If it was part of the *ensemble* of a woman at the Courts of Louis XIV., XV., and XVI., when French grace and charm was certainly at its zenith, then the twentieth century need have no fear of imitating it. Further, the cane, it is held, is, in a way, a means of expression. It can be poised in so many various ways, that grace, abandon, domination, and who knows how many more attitudes can be shown through it. On the other hand, there is a certain peril threatened by the cane, and thoughtful Frenchmen are seriously considering it. Would it be wise for women to be thus armed, ready to use weapons in arguments where hitherto their tongues have sufficed? And, again, would it not engender a certain laziness in the fair sex, a certain inclination to heaviness of gait, which would threaten the Parisienne's world-wide reputation for lightness of step and perfection of movement?

The arguments for or against *la canne* seem so evenly matched that the issue is a little difficult to predict. And there is the one great fact which may, after all, condemn it—it comes from Germany!

Photos by *Reutlinger*

The cane as an aid to expression

By carrying it in various ways, a woman may greatly assist her "pose." Thus, in the left-hand picture we have longing, in the right one, interrogation? In any case, the effect is decidedly fetching, and, as a weapon of defence, the fashion is of undoubted value

La Canne et la Mode

Photo by *Reutlinger*

A fashion of the Courts of Versailles to be revived in Paris

La Canne was part of the equipment of elegant Parisian women of "*le grand siècle*," and the adoption of it by the German Crown Princess and the Court of Berlin has caused Paris to think of copying it. The above gives an idea of its appearance when borne by a woman of fashion

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

Hunting

ILLUSTRATED PARTLY BY COMPETITION PHOTOGRAPHS

(For full details of our Hunt Photographic Competition, see advertisement page v.)

Hunting on Exmoor

The Devon and Somerset have killed their last stag for the present year, bringing their number up to thirty-four. This is an average total, but compares unfavourably with the forty-nine stags accounted for in 1904. Nevertheless, the season's sport was unquestionably successful, the tufting operations having been brisker than usual, and the antlered lords of the forests giving some brilliant runs over the great open moors and rolling hills. On one occasion, towards the end of the season, the powerful hounds forming the Devon and Somerset pack slipped their entire field with the exception of their Master, Mr. R. A. Sanders, who rode with them from start to finish, and was alone with them when they pulled down their stag. Very big crowds, as usual, enjoyed the autumnal stag-hunting this year, but the start of regular fox-hunting in the Shires and elsewhere has left the Devon and Somerset with none but their local followers. At Hawkcombe Head on Wednesday last began the hind-hunting season, and this will last until next June, when, after but a few weeks' rest, stag-hunting will be resumed once more. The Devon and Somerset can claim to be in active work for nearly eleven months out of the year, and the Master hip of such a pack is obviously no sinecure. Mr. R. A. Sanders has proved in every way a capable leader, and the followers of the pack are fortunate in having enjoyed the services of so keen a sportsman since 1895. Mr. Sanders cherishes political ambitions, and Somersetshire sportsmen hope to have the pleasure of returning him to Parliament before long. One reason why hind-hunting is not so popular as stag-hunting is because the stag makes his point, like a fox, whereas the hind runs in circles after the manner of the hare. But her cunning is wonderful, and her powers of endurance extraordinary, so that you never know when your hind is beaten.

M.F.H.'s on the Turf

Sir James Miller is the only Master of Foxhounds now holding office who has arrived at the summit of every racing man's ambition—that of leading in the winner of the Derby. He enjoyed the distinction when a young officer in the 14th Hussars, Sainfoin scoring for him in 1890, and much more recently Rock Sand won again for the Scottish baronet. Mr. Washington Singer

Mr. Robert Sanders

Who has been Master of the famous Devon and Somerset Staghounds since 1895. The pack killed thirty-four stags during the past season, and hind-hunting has now started

(Competition photo by H. Forman, *Mr. Bennett's House, The Schools, Shrewsbury. Price 5s.)*

M.F.H. and St. Leger Winner

Competition Photograph (First Prize, One Guinea): The South Devon Hounds

Their Master, Mr. Washington Singer, who is on horseback to the right, won the St. Leger this year with Challacombe

(*Photo sent in by* C. WINTER-WOOD, *Kenwick, Faignton*)

A Disbanded Pack

is another M.F.H. who is very fond of racing, and if he has not had the satisfaction of seeing his colours first past the post in the great Epsom event, he has at least had the good fortune to win the St. Leger, which North-countrymen, with a supreme indifference for the traditions of the Derby, will confidently assure you is the premier classic event of the racing season. Challacombe was Mr. Singer's Doncaster victor, and his very name is suggestive of the combes and tors encountered in Devonshire hunting. With Dartmoor for its background, the South Devon country, of which Mr. Singer has been Master since 1897 (holding the position conjointly with Mr. Robert Vicary for four seasons), is almost entirely free from the modern hunting-man's *bête noir*, barbed wire. One half of the district is moorland, where banks and walls have to be got over, and the remainder consists of pasture, plough, and woodland. A few years ago, Mr. Singer purchased the Four Burrow dog pack, and every season he has appreciably improved his hounds, so that they now form one of the best packs in the South Western Counties.

A disbanded pack

One of the last meets of the West Surrey Staghounds, now disbanded, showing the Master, Mr. Ernest Robinson, and his huntsman

(*Competition photo by* Miss Blake, *Hawkshill, Leatherhead. Prize, 5s.*)

The O.B.H. (West)

There have been few keener Masters of either of the Old Berkeley packs than Mr. Robert Leadbetter, the present ruler of the O.B.H. (West). Mr. Leadbetter's name is well-known in the kennel world, and now that he is a M.F.H. he does not neglect to support the foxhound classes at the best Shows. He had a very strong hand at the recent exhibition held under the auspices of the Kennel Club at the Crystal Palace, the Old Berkeley (West) Hounds winning three silver cups and two championships. "Darter," by the Belvoir "Dexter," out of "Venus," won the first prize and championship for the best dog-hound in the Show, and "Signal," by the Belvoir "Stormer," out of "Tragedy," won similar honours as the best bitch. These two hounds are seen in the over-page photograph, and certainly such grandly-shaped ones would be a great credit to any pack. Mr. Leadbetter breeds his hounds with great care and judgment, and he lays the utmost importance on a powerful back and loins, believing that a hound deficient in either of these points would be useless in a run wherein there are many awkward places to get over or through. The O.B.H. (West) country is mostly woodland and plough, and cannot be described as really good for fox-hunting; but it has the advantage of a splendid pack of hounds, and is within easy reach of London. As well as being an ardent fox-hunter, Mr. Robert Leadbetter is a leading zoologist, and at Hazlemere Park has one of the best private menageries in the country.

Crawley and Horsham

Lieut.-Colonel C. B. Godman has just started his nineteenth season as Master of the Crawley and Horsham Foxhounds, which are seen in our illustration grouped before Warnham Court, the residence of Mr. C. Lucas, and a favourite meet. On the whole, prospects of sport are fairly good in this well-varied Sussex

The Crawley and Horsham Hounds

A meet at Mr. C. Lucas's residence, Warnham Court. These hounds have been hunted by Lieut.-Col. C. B. Godman for nineteen seasons

(*Competition photo by* Miss Violet G. Godfrey, *Ivy Hatch, Horsham. Prize, 5s.*)

O.B.H. (West)—Two Prize Hounds

country, very little of the mange which threatened a few years back to decimate the foxes being now noticeable. This is mainly due to the radical measures taken to prevent the spread of the disease, all earths known to be used by mangy foxes being dug out, and the infected foxes killed in any way possible. The requirements of shooting people have led to a restriction of cubbing operations with the Crawley and Horsham Hounds, and it has been impossible, therefore, accurately to gauge the supply of foxes up to the present. It is feared, however, that the efforts which have been made to kill rats, mice, and moles, unusually plentiful in the district this year, have sometimes resulted fatally to the foxes. Fortunately, the Crawley and Horsham country has not suffered so greatly in this respect as the Wilton, where the poisoning of foxes has led to a reward of twenty-five pounds being offered for information likely to lead to the detection of the offenders.

A fine hunting morning

With the Old Berkeley (West) Hounds in Hazlemer ·k, Bucks, the residence of the M.F.H., Mr. Robert Le er

A Disbanded Pack

Mr. Ernest Robinson made a game attempt to keep the West Surrey Staghounds going, but circumstances were too strong for him. He stuck to the Mastership for a season longer than he really wished, in the hope that a suitable successor would be found by the members. But nobody was forthcoming to take over the responsibilities of hunting a pack in a country which has become much cramped by the spread of market gardens and the march of the builder. Coupled with this was the stern fact that the financial support accorded by those who followed the hounds was by no means generous. The hounds, deer, and kennels, ha en s ld, and now the Surrey Staghounds have a ov the country. A. W. C.

[Advertisement.]—GLOVES UNAFFECTED BY WET.—A glove, intended primarily for driv g and riding, and called the "Quorn Hunt" Glove, which is aimed be una d by wet, is being made by Mr. Macintosh, 89, New eet, B ham. It is hand-sewn, with double thread, and has been ado ost masters of foxhounds, etc. It is the cheapest and best gl for Hunting, the price being 2s. 11d., or 3s. post f

Photos by **The Old Berkeley (West) Hounds** *J. T. Newman*

In the centre are "Darter" and "Signal," which carried off championship prizes at the recent Kennel Club Show

The King's Visit to Epping Forest

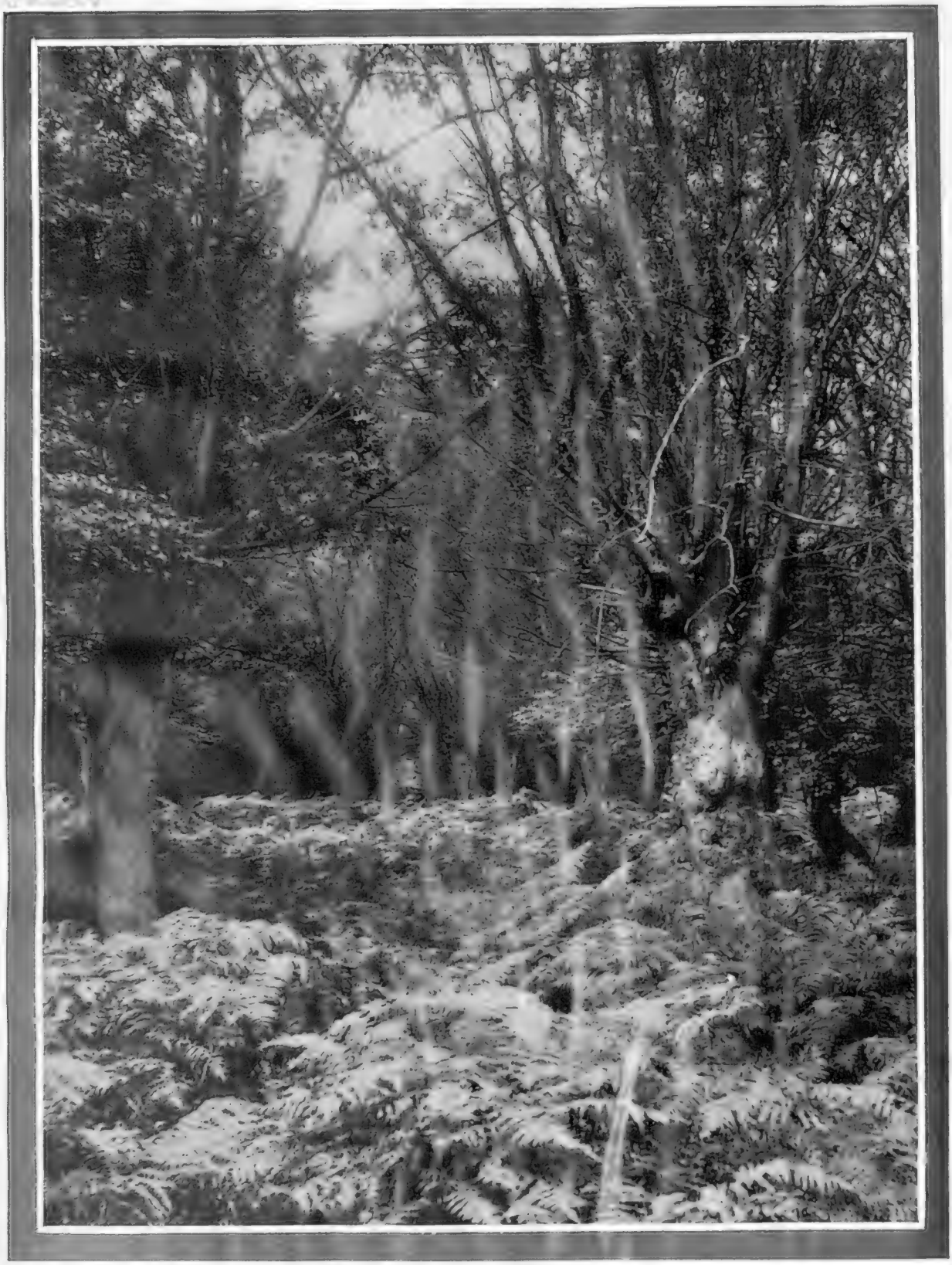


Photo *The Press Studio*

A glimpse at the beauties of Epping Forest

Last week, King Edward, as the guest of Colonel Lockwood, the Member for Epping, paid his first visit, since his accession, to the Forest, which is one of the Londoner's most cherished possessions. The King, leaving Bishop's Hall, Colonel Lockwood's residence, entered the Forest at Theydon Bois, and skirting Monk Wood, drove through some of the prettiest spots among the deer-stocked glades now wearing their autumn tints

London's Most Beautiful Playground

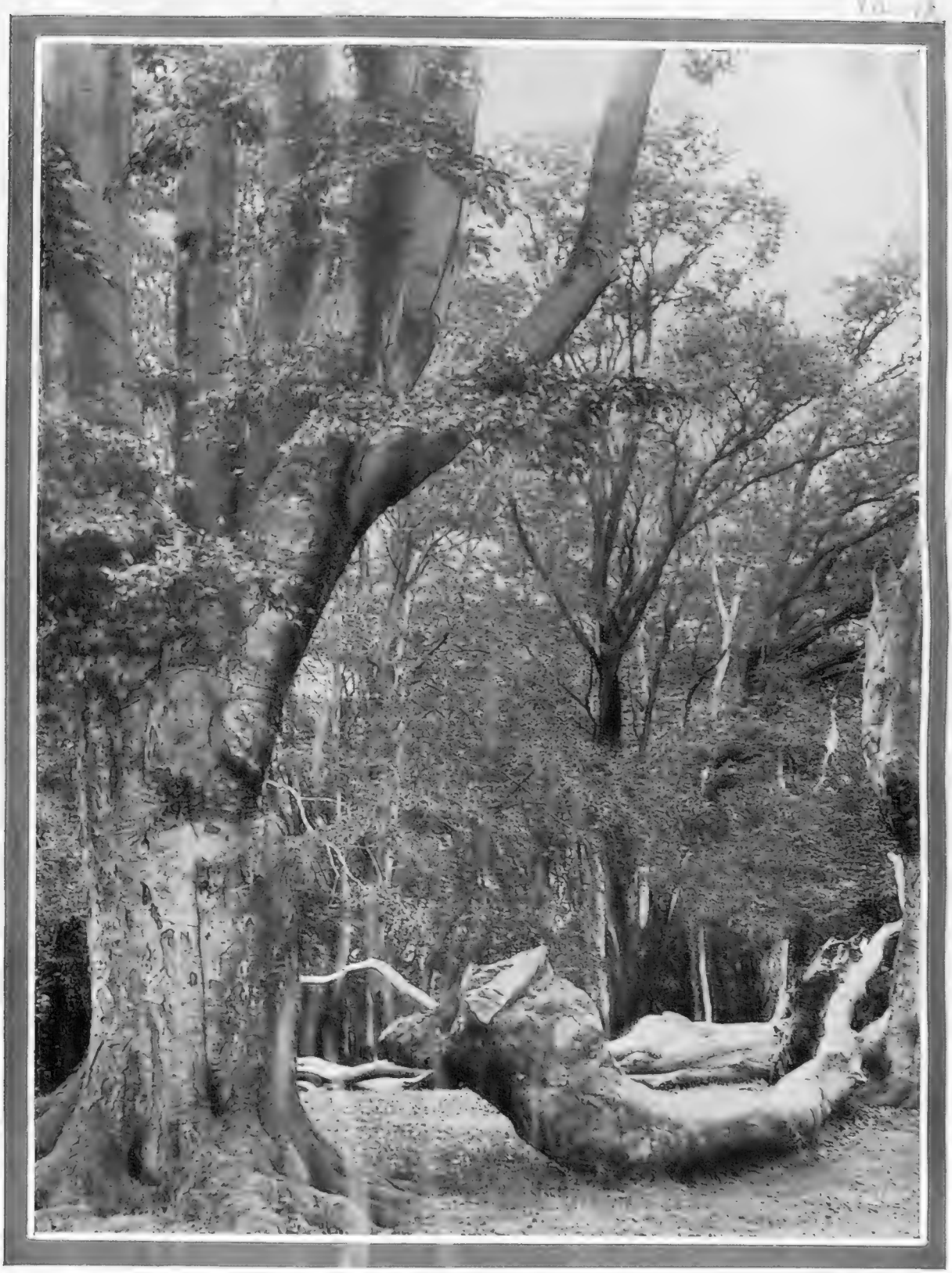


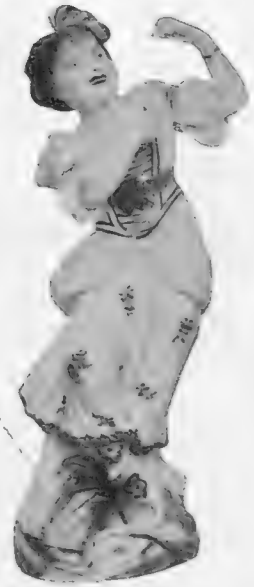
Photo *The Press Studio*

High Beech, Epping Forest

Until quite recently there stood at High Beech the remains of a tree supposed to have been planted by Henry VIII. When Queen Victoria, on May 6, 1882, publicly dedicated the 6,000 acres of Epping Forest to the Corporation of London, she planted a tree quite close to the spot illustrated above in commemoration of the occasion. At High Beech, the woodlands touch their highest point, 379 ft. above sea level

The Connoisseur.

A COLLECTION OF OLD BRISTOL



Old Bristol Figure of Dancing Girl, 7½ ins. high

Designed and highly decorated by Tebo

Although many collectors of the delicate and graceful figures of Bow and Chelsea china may be perfectly satisfied with their treasures, they are, doubtless, none the less aware that these examples of eighteenth-century work are by no means the "true porcelain" which they attempted to reproduce. This ware, although manufactured abroad on exactly the same lines as that of the china of Old Nankin, was first made in England, and for a very short time at Plymouth, and to a greater extent at Bristol.

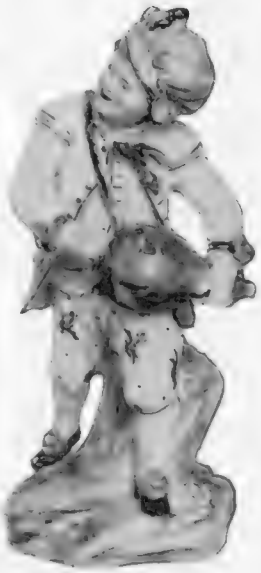
The First Real British Porcelain

About the middle of the eighteenth century, William Cookworthy, a member of the Society of Friends and an accomplished chemist of Plymouth, became interested in the subject of porcelain, and discovered what is now known as china-clay in Cornwall. In 1768, he obtained his first patent, and from that time forward until 1781, he and Richard Champion, of Bristol, the friend of Burke, carried forward the manufacture with varied financial, technical, and artistic success, but always with honour and a certain popularity which ought, perhaps, to have made for fortune. The fact that Plymouth and Bristol porcelains were only made, in their perfection, for about thirteen years, gives an especial charm to a collection limited to these wares.

A Complete Collection

The most complete gathering together of such specimens is to be found in the collection of Mr. Alfred Trapnell, of Bournemouth, whose admirably compiled catalogue by Dr. Oxford has just been published. The photographs we give are from Mr. Trapnell's crowded shelves. They show some characteristic figures which were said to be designed by Tebo, the French modeller, who worked in the Midlands also, and the particular kind of work in vase and jug which belongs to these potteries. There are many sets of tea services and the like that are historically interesting, having been made at known dates for prominent personages, such as Burke, or for country people whose china closets were well protected. Some of the most admirable pieces of this kind are still preserved in the British Museum. Such are the chocolate cups, with double-twisted handles, made for the "Ladies of Llangollen," Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Sarah Ponsonby. These two were celebrated for their romantic friendship, and secretly left their homes in Ireland, and took the cottage of Plas Newydd, near Llangollen, where they remained until their deaths in 1829 and 1830 respectively. Their chocolate cups long outlived their romance; but, in return, cannot be seen without recalling, as do so many pieces of "Bristol," something of the comfortable domesticity and quiet, pleasant, provincial life of late eighteenth-century days. Such a vast collection as Mr. Trapnell has brought together of course includes specimens of the Bristol work which was prior to the Cookworthy discoveries, and, although of great interest, does not belong to the same class of ware as that produced in the thirteen years we have named.

E. M.



Old Bristol Figure of Hurdy-gurdy Boy

Companion to the dancing girl

Rare example of Bristol Vase with cover

On one side it is decorated with Watteau figures, in colour on white ground. 11½ ins. high

OUR SHORT STORY

The Later Edition

By VICTOR BRIDGES

George Barton pushed open the swinging doors, and came into the bank. Several people were standing at the counter—a couple of tradesmen, an old lady, an errand boy—while the cashier, an elderly, harassed-looking man, was counting over a large heap of silver, which one of the former had just paid in. He looked up as Barton entered, and nodded in the direction of the other customers. Barton lifted the slab that led through into the office, and walking up to a side door with a frosted glass panel, opened it, and hung up his hat upon a peg inside. Then he came to the counter, and began to attend to the people who were waiting. His work was characterised by a mechanical swiftness noticeably absent in the movements of his elderly *confrère*; so by the time that the latter had satisfied himself that the pile of silver in front of him corresponded to the amount on the slip, Barton had settled the requirements of the remaining customers. The cashier made an entry in his "scroll," filed the credit slip, and then, after carefully wiping his pen and laying it on the desk, turned to Barton.

"I am going to lunch now," he said. "If you have time, you might put a few of these entries through" — he pointed to a twisted-up heap of cheques and credit slips under a paper-weight. "We have been rather busy while you were out," he added.

"All right," answered Barton, without looking up from the book in which he was writing.

For the next quarter of an hour the bank was practically deserted; the silence only being broken by the scratching of pens, or an occasional sigh from one of the two junior clerks, who were working at a desk behind. Outside, the world was bathed in the golden sunshine of a perfect June day; but within, it was merely another hot afternoon dragging on its ordinary monotonous round. Barton soon entered up the pile of arrears bequeathed him by his companion, and added up the latter's scroll for him. One of the senior clerks came in from the manager's room with a pile of papers, threw them down on the desk, and sauntered up to where he was working.

"How goes it?" asked the newcomer, taking out a pen-knife and beginning to clean his nails.

"All through, up to date," said Barton. "Do you want to get out early?"

"Well, I do rather, if you can manage it." He glanced over the scrolls. "I see you have been giving Weary Willy a hand."

Barton smiled. "You would be here till six if I didn't. It is quite time the poor old chap got his pension."

"They ought to make you cashier," said the other. "Furze wants to go at the end of the year, if they will let him. Why don't you apply for it?"

Barton glanced round to see if they were overheard, and, speaking in a lower voice, answered, "That is just what I did last week. The manager—he is a little brick, Blackmore—sent up a very strong letter urging my fitness, and all that sort of thing; but the directors wrote back and said I was too young. Rather sickening, wasn't it?"

"Why don't you go in for something else?" asked his companion. "With your brains you are wasted in a bank. Any fool can do this sort of thing."

Barton flushed slightly. He was twenty-one, and the compliment was obviously genuine. "It is all very well, Steele," he said; "but what can I do? I haven't got a halfpenny in the world, and I have had to keep myself ever since I entered this confounded hole. I shan't stay in it a minute longer than I can help, but at present——" he shrugged his shoulders.

"It is a bit off, isn't it?" agreed Steele, sympathetically. "I should leave myself, if I could do anything else. By the way, do you want a tip for the Manchester Cup?"

"Well, that's curious!" said Barton, "you are the second to-day."

"Second what?"

"Why, I have just had a letter from a man, offering to give me a tip. What's yours?"

"'Kildonen.' It's a dead cert. What's yours?"

"I don't know till this evening. The whole thing is rather quaint. The other night I was coming down Shaftesbury Avenue very late, when I saw a fellow being set on by two or three rough-looking brutes, so I ran across to lend him a hand. He was very grateful, and turned out to be McFadden, the tipster—you know, that chap who is always advertising in the sporting papers. Well, he insisted on taking my name and address, and this morning I get a letter from him asking me to dine at the Troc. He said he could put me on to a good thing for the Manchester Cup."

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

"You back 'Kildonen,'" said Steele, sceptically. "I got it straight from my brother, who is a pal of the trainer. Ten to one McFadden will put you on to some rotter."

"We shall see," answered Barton, getting up to attend to a customer who had just come in. "At all events, I will let you know what he says."

. . . . . .

Barton lit his cigar, and, leaning back in his comfortable seat, looked round the big restaurant with a quiet satisfaction born of an excellent dinner, a bottle of good champagne, and a really first-class Larranaga. Barton's companion, a big, sun-burnt man, with a large moustache, twinkling black eyes, and a face heavily pitted with the remnants of small-pox, waited until the men serving liqueurs and coffee had moved on to the next table, and then resumed the conversation.

"I didn't want those chaps to get hold of what I was saying," he explained, "they know me, and it would be all over London to-morrow."

Barton leaned slightly across the table towards him, and, lowering his voice, McFadden continued: "It's the chance of a life-time. Not a soul witnessed the trial except Rainsford and Burch, and you can trust them to keep it dark. They want the money; besides, Rainsford is the sort of man who would cut his throat rather than give away a tip; and I know Burch has told no one but myself. Even Relf, the jockey, thinks that he was carrying about 10 lbs. more than he was; so you can take it from me that, with the exception of us four, there isn't a living soul who has an idea of what 'Mountain Lady' can do. She will start at 20 to 1, and unless she is left at the post or drops dead on the course, nothing will get near her. Why, just think, man, according to the trial, that would put 'Night-jar' in at about 8 stone 4; while, as a matter of fact, he would be carrying 9 stone, and then be a hot favourite. You must have something on—something worth winning. If you can beg or borrow 'a monkey' for a couple of days, you are made for life. I could get it on for you with Cook at 20 to 1, but he would want to see the cash first, and I have none to spare at present, or I would do it for you. It means simply picking up ten thousand. I am sticking on every penny I can spare myself. We shall have to back to win, for there won't be more than six runners, but it's as safe as the Bank of England." His face was flushed with excitement as he finished. Picking up his glass of liqueur, he drained it at a gulp.

Barton had listened intently; his eyes had never left McFadden's face, and he felt sure that the man had been telling him what he at all events believed to be the truth. "It is very kind of you to have given me the tip," he said, "and such an excellent dinner into the bargain."

"Bosh!" returned the other shortly. "Waiter! two more liqueur brandies. Look here, youngster, you acted like a gentleman the other night—got me out of a damned tight place, and I never forget a pal."

Barton was silent for a moment. "What about 'Kildonen'?" he asked.

McFadden laughed. "Oh, I know the stable are sweet on him, but he hasn't a dog's chance against 'Mountain Lady' at the weights. Besides, he is a clumsy, bad-tempered brute at the best of times. What I have told you is gospel truth, Sonny; and if you like to send me anything to Morley's Hotel, I'll shove it on for you. Of course, do the business yourself if you prefer it; but, in case you wanted a big deal, I thought you might have some trouble in getting it on—see?"

Barton's face was, perhaps, a little paler than usual, but, beyond that, there was no trace of any particular emotion in his appearance or manner to betray the sudden thought that had flashed across his mind while McFadden was speaking. He sipped the second liqueur which the waiter had just put down in front of him, knocked the ash off his cigar, and then, leaning across the table again towards his companion, answered quietly: "I believe what you tell me, and I am very grateful to you for letting me know. It is just possible I might be able to borrow a few hundreds; but I should have to spin some other yarn about it. Now, if I were to send you something in notes first post Friday morning, could you let me have them back, if all goes well, on Friday night."

"Why, of course! Cook will pay up Saturday. As long as he knows the cash is there, he wouldn't want it till after the race, even if we were to go down. There is nothing dead certain, but this is just as near to it as you can get. It is worth risking something, or I wouldn't put you on to it. I have been messing about with the turf for twenty years, and it's the best thing I ever struck." He took out his watch and looked at the time. "I must be off," he added; "I have to meet a man at half-past. You think it over, and do just what you like; only don't talk about it."

He paid the bill, tipping the waiter generously, and they walked upstairs. At the door he turned to Barton. "I have dealt with you straight," he said; "you did me a good turn, and I always pay my debts when I can."

Barton nodded, and held out his hand. "If I can raise the money, I will ask you to put it on for me. In any case—thank you."

. . . . . .

Through the warm starlit night Barton walked home to his rooms in Bloomsbury. His face was pale and drawn, and he walked fast, staring straight in front of him. A fierce excitement was tingling in his blood; his brain and conscience seemed to be dancing together in a mad riot of contradictions. Through it all, McFadden's words leaped out in letters of fire: "It means simply picking up ten thousand." He kept on repeating the sentence to himself. Ten thousand pounds! Was there anything impossible in the world with such a sum? A hundred paths, leading up the hills of power and fame, opened out suddenly before his chained ambition. He walked on quickly, unsteadily, his hands clenched, his eyes shining.

He turned into Burton Crescent, and stopped before a dark, untidy-looking house that stared forlornly on the ill-kept square in front. He had lived here for the last two years: a small bedroom on the third floor being the exact amount of luxury

permitted him by his salary. The hall was in total blackness—no reckless jet of blue wasted on the hall burners in Burton Crescent — but experience had taught Barton to dispense with such facilities. He made his way upstairs, stumbling over a sleeping cat, that fled away into the darkness with a horrible scream. His room was poorly furnished, but saved from the usual deadly barrenness of such apartments by two large shelves crowded with books, a fine engraving of Burne-Jones' "King Cophetua," and one or two cheaper reproductions of well-known pictures. He locked the door behind him, and turned up the gas.

He began to feel a little more collected. This excitement was contemptible—the wine must have gone to his head. He poured himself out a glass of water, and drank it off. The thing had to be faced here and now, in all its radiant possibilities, in all its cold reality. He sat down in the frayed armchair and filled his pipe with trembling fingers. McFadden had spoken the truth, of that he felt certain. The man might have been deceived, but Barton doubted it. He was no callow novice at the game to suck in an ordinary turf lie with such conviction. Besides, he had hinted that Burch had reasons for not deceiving him. Then there was the chance that the trainer himself had been mistaken; such a thing might happen; and, as McFadden himself had said, nothing was certain, the mare might be left at the post. He lit his pipe and began to smoke quickly, trying to see the thing in its right proportions. On the one hand, years of drudgery at the bank, mean sordid poverty, surroundings such as these —he looked round and shuddered — to lead to what? Who could tell? He knew that he had ability, but life was such a ghastly lottery. Handicapped as he was, without money or friends, what more likely than that he should share the fate of others, fully as able and ambitious as himself— men who had eaten out their hearts in the labour and disappointment of existence, while life floated past on golden wings mocking and out of reach? And on the other hand, a deliberate crime, a temporary theft; and then, either life itself, full-blooded, working, joyous life, with success and fame to light the road, or—he paused a moment—death. There was no other alternative.

He got up and crossed the room to the battered deal dressing table. Pulling open the drawer, he took out a small revolver, almost the sole legacy of his father, a cashiered major in the Army. Well, why not? His life was his own, there was no one

Pulling open the drawer, he took out a small revolver. Well, why not? His life was his own

dependent on him, no one who would ever regret his death, except, perhaps, the fellows at the office. If he chose to cast it into the scale against destiny, who had the right to question him?

He put back the revolver and paced slowly up and down the room. It would be so easy in his position at the bank. He had a perfectly free access to the cash, and was himself responsible for what he used at the counter. It was checked sometimes by the manager, but never on Friday or Saturday; on those days Blackmore went away early to play golf. He could take five hundred pounds on Thursday night, and, if he won, replace the same notes on Saturday morning. If he lost—well, there would be a headline for the papers, and another vacancy for a head clerk in the bank. It was stealing, of course; sophistry had no place in his mental equipment. Up till now he had never done a dishonourable action. The terrible example of his father, and an instinctive dislike to anything underhand, had kept him straight. For a moment he hesitated—then suddenly some words he had read in a book a few evenings befo e flashed into his mind. He repeated them wi[illegible] rt of desperate mockery:

> He either fears his fate too [illegible]
> Or his deserts are sm[illegible]
> Who dare not put it t[illegible]
> To win or lose it [illegible]

Yes—Yes! That was [illegible] se it all." He whispered the [illegible] and knew that he had decide[illegible]

. . .

"You have made [illegible] Steele, "and you will know it in an[illegible] ty [illegible] es. Did you put much on?"

Barton smiled. "[illegible] nough to get excited about."

"I stuck a quid [illegible] lonen,' so I shall be a bit sick if he goes dow[illegible]

"Yes, that's a good deal to lose," said Barton, calmly.

"I have to go [illegible] now to see Johnstone and Driver for Blackmore. [illegible] shall be back in about half an hour, and I will bring a paper in with me. You will be sorry you did not take my tip when you see the result—'Kildonen' first, 'Mountain Lady' nowhere. Lucky for you you didn't plunge."

"It would have been rather foolish, wouldn't it?"

"You look a bit off colour to-day, somehow," said Steele, tying up some deeds which he was taking to the lawyers.

"I didn't sleep much last night. I expect I want my holiday."

"Like the rest of us. Two weeks in the year are no good to anyone. Well, so long! Prepare for a disappointment when you see the paper."

"I am quite ready," answered Barton.

His fellow clerk laughed, and picking up his parcel of deeds, passed out of the office. As the swing-door closed behind him, Barton suddenly realised that they might never meet again. Steele had been one of his few friends—a pleasant, good-natured fellow, who had always treated him with a faint touch of deference; an unconscious tribute that some young men are always ready to pay to a stronger or keener intelligence than their own. Steele would be sorry if things went wrong. He was, perhaps, the only one who would think of him in future with anything but contempt.

Three o'clock! Another twenty minutes. They were in the paddock now. Relf would be examining his saddle. He could picture the scene; the crush round the favourite. No doubt "Mountain Lady"——

Some customers came in, and he got up to attend to them mechanically, adding up the amounts, or paying out what was required, without the least hesitation or inaccuracy. He was scarcely conscious what he was doing; it was like a strange dream. He felt as if he was looking on at the tragedy of his own life. How long had it been? Twenty-two hours! He laughed to himself. What fool invented the clock? Last night alone had been a life-time. There had been no time to-day. It had drifted past in a dull trance. After hours of torture he had woken to a state of mental exhaustion, in which thought at last was numbed and powerless.

Five minutes more! A tradesman was talking to him about the weather, as he examined the endorsements on the cheques, and counted silver and gold into little separate piles. "Yes, it was beautiful: a regular summer day. It made one want to be outside, instead of being stuffed up in an office. However, business was business, of course." A quarter past. God—how the moments dragged! They were lining up, perhaps. They might even have started. In a quarter of an hour he might be dead. How those chattering fools would start if they knew!

There was a sudden lull in the work. Four or five customers went out almost together, and for a little while the office was empty. A strange apathy settled down like a mist over Barton's mind. It was all over now. The paper would be out in a few minutes.

He went on writing, slowly, correctly. He felt as though he were being stifled. Suddenly, in the distance, he heard the shrill cry of a paper boy: "Winner, paiper; Cup winner!" Something seemed to snap in his brain. A deadly calm succeeded the formless emotions that had been racking him. He laid down his pen, and getting up from his seat, walked to the cashier's desk.

"I'm going out for a moment, Mr. Furze," he said.

The cashier nodded. "Don't be longer than you can help. We shall be busy again in a minute."

"I shall be back almost immediately," answered Barton.

By the time he reached the street, the boy was quite close, a ragged little urchin, darting from one side of the road to the other in pursuit of customers. Barton held up his hand, and the boy rushed across to him.

"Paiper, sir; winner, sir!" He held one out and Barton took it, giving him a shilling.

"You can keep the change," he said.

With a quick "thankye, sir," the lad ran on. Barton stepped back to the wall and opened the paper. In the blank space reserved for stop-press news was the single word "*Kildonen.*" It was in blue ink, stamped in by a local agent. Barton stared at it

(*Continued on page 294*)

A MODERN MISS

HE *(realising the value of little attentions to her mamma):* "I've just brought the new Irish novel, "Love—the Divvle," for your mother. I was telling her the other day how amusing——"

SHE: "Most amusing; but I wouldn't *dream* of allowing mother to read it!"

DRAWN BY A. K. MACDONALD

(Continued from page 292)

for a moment, and then laughed. So he had lost. He felt no particular emotion — just a vague disappointment. Remorse and fear left him untouched. He had played with Fate and been beaten; all that now remained was to pay the price.

He crossed the road to a public-house opposite, and, going into the saloon bar, ordered a glass of brandy. A man who was sitting in the corner saw the newspaper in his hand.

"What's won the Cup, guv'nor?" he asked.

"'Kildonen,'" answered Barton. "You can have the paper if you like. I have done with it." He found himself speaking in a perfectly level, disinterested voice.

Mixing a little water with the brandy, he drank it off, and walked back to the office. As he again crossed the road, a man raced past him on a motor-bicycle with a huge pile of newspapers strapped behind him. The Fleet Street edition was evidently down now; he could hear the boys shouting higher up the road. He hesitated a moment; it would be rather interesting to see if "Mountain Lady" had been in the first three. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and walked on. After all, what did it matter to him?

There were no customers in the office. He passed through the side door into the small anteroom where the staff kept their coats and hats. From here a staircase led down into the strong room. He knew that, if he shut the iron door below, the sound of a shot could scarcely reach the bank. It was more pleasant to die without being interrupted.

He walked downstairs quickly, and turned on the electric light that illuminated the big safe. Taking out his revolver, he tested the trigger before putting in a couple of cartridges.

Now everything was ready. There was no time to lose, for Furze would probably be sending down for him in a minute. He felt sorry for the clerk who would come to fetch him. He caught hold of the big, brass handle, and was just swinging the heavy, metal slab into its place, when he heard the door open and someone running down the stairs. For an instant he faltered, and then, slipping the revolver into his pocket, pushed back the door.

"Barton! Barton!" It was Steele's voice. He rushed into the safe with a paper in his hand. "Isn't it too rotten?" he exclaimed, flinging it down on the slab.

"I should have thought you would have been pleased," answered Barton, wearily.

"Oh, I am glad for your sake, of course; but, under the circumstances it's a bit rough on me, damn it all."

"What do you mean?" Barton cried, hoarsely.

"Haven't you heard?" shouted Steele. "'Kildonen's' disqualified, look!" He thrust the paper into Barton's hands.

With a savage effort the latter choked back a deadly faintness that almost overpowered him, and through the dim mist that swam before his eyes, read the lines that Steele pointed out:

"Paiper, sir; winner, sir!"

MANCHESTER CUP

KILDONEN 4/1	1
Mountain Lady 20/1	2
Rose Crown 7/1	3
Sir Charles 11/2	0

Also ran, Barcup and Flagstaff.

"Kildonen" was disqualified for bumping, and the race awarded to "Mountain Lady."

The paper slipped from Barton's fingers. If Steele had not caught him he would have fallen himself.

"What's the matter, old chap? Are you ill? I never thought you would take it like this. You hadn't got much on, had you? Let me get you a glass of water." The astonished clerk helped Barton to a stone slab, where he sat for a minute with his eyes shut.

Then he opened them and smiled. "I am all right now, Steele. I—I have been feeling a bit ill this afternoon."

VICTOR BRIDGES.

MR. R. C. CARTON'S AMUSING FARCE

"Public Opinion"

AT WYNDHAM'S THEATRE

Mr. Geo. Giddens (*Horace Wibsey, Solicitor*) **Mr. Henry Kemble** (*Mr. Justice Mulley*) **Miss Annie Hughes** (*Pansy Bligh*) **Mr. Athol Stewart** (*Lord Percy Tilgour*) **Mr. Charles Allan** (*Sir Babbington Mulley*)

PANSY: "Babbington will have to pay more because he's married" (*for the compromising letters which the artful Pansy has written to him as to all the men in the scene*)

Photos by] **Mr. Fred Kerr** (*Stencer Traughton*) **Mr. Hubert Druce** (*Traughton's Man*) **Miss Compton** (*Lady Diana Caldershaw*) [*Play Pictorial*

TRAUGHTON: "Don't shake it; that's Clo Vagrin '75, a wine that is quite worthy of an average Empress—and almost worthy of Lady Diana Caldershaw"

Bridge

A FOREWORD ON OUR NEW COMPETITION

The leaves are falling from the trees in larger and larger showers every day, motor-car after motor-car is being put into its winter vaseline, the south of Scotland has already enjoyed a frost of fourteen degrees. Truly it is time to betake ourselves once more seriously to Bridge. Indeed, at the clubs devoted to that sport, half the tables have been filled up during the last fortnight or more. Accordingly, the week after next we shall begin a new Competition of the kind our readers have assured us they prefer, a Competition in Declarations. We, too, prefer these simp'er competitions to the somewhat trying puzzles set for experts, since the solutions of them are so much a matter of common-sense and judgment, that the average, or even the under-the-average, player has a very good chance of success in them, as our experience has again and again shown. In the issue after next, therefore, we shall start one of these Competitions, probably it will be an Eight Weeks' Competition, with prizes for the best solutions each week.

Photo by] **A horse which has won seventy prizes** [*Photo Press*

"Heathfield Squire," the champion Show horse of Mrs. Hartley-Batt, which has just been sold to Judge Moore, of the U.S.A., for over 2,000 guineas. It has taken this season fifty first prizes and twenty champion cups, and is considered the best Show horse in the country. Our illustration shows "Heathfield Squire" being driven by his owner, Mrs. Batt

Bridge Books

Players are always asking me for a *short* book on Bridge. They complain, with some justice, that by the time they have reached the end of the long treatises on the game, they have forgotten the beginning of them. Well, there are several short books on the game. "Elwell on Bridge," published by Newnes, is an excellent short book on it. Again, Dalton's "Bridge Abridged," published by De La Rue, has already reached its sixth edition. It is a very clear and lucid exposition of the practice of the game in about a hundred pages. I do not myself find him entirely sound, especially in the matter of original defensive declarations, black or red, of which he is, for the most part, a strong opponent, or in the matter of the heart convention, of which he is also an opponent. Also I find his advice in the matter of doubling far on the timid side. But he makes up for this by the excellence of his disquisitions on the declarations generally, and such chapters as that on the abuse of the no-trump call and the original diamond call. On the whole, therefore, you will arise from the perusal of his work a wiser and a better player. His other book, "Bridge at a Glance," is even shorter. It is, as he describes it, "A handy work of easy reference," in which all the principal points of the game are touched on, and arranged in alphabetical order, so that if you are ignorant or in doubt about any point, you can look it up in the shortest possible time. It is thickly set with general maxims, which contain in an easily acquired form, the summing up of pages of discussion. It is, in fact, an abridgement of "Bridge Abridged," though, on certain points, it is open to the same criticism as I passed on the larger volume.

PROBLEMATICUS.

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Pet Marjorie." (Simpkin Marshall : 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"Two Years in the Antarctic." By Lieutenant A. B. Armitage, R.N.R. (Edward Arnold : 15*s.* net.)

"The Siege of the South Pole." By Hugh R. Mill. (Alston Rivers : 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Reminiscences of a Diplomat." By Sir Frederick St. John. (Chapman and Hall : 15*s.*)

NOVELS AND STORIES

"The Red Reaper." By John A. Steuart. (Hodder and Stoughton : 6*s.*)

"Moscow." By Fred. Whishaw. (Longmans : 6*s.*)

"Captains All." By W. W. Jacobs. (Hodder and Stoughton : 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"Susan Clegg." By Miss Anne Warner. (Dean : 3*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Black Spaniel." By Robert Hichens. (Methuen : 6*s.*)

Of infantile genius we have enough and to spare in these days, though hardly of the kind which made *Pet Marjorie* so lovable. The subject of this little biography, of which a new edition has recently been published by Messrs Simpkin, Marshall (2*s.* 6*d.*), was barely nine when she died, yet she left behind "literary remains" of the most delightful nature ir the way of letters, journals, and childish attempts a verse. The friend of Si Walter Scott, whose deligh it was, in the intervals between his tremendous spells of work, to spend hours in her company playing with her and answering her *naïve* little questions, Marjorie has also received her tribute of praise from Mr. Swinburne, whc commemorated her in some well-known lines. Marjorie's influence was so great that she has found a place in the "Dictionary of National Biography," in which Sir Leslie Stephen said of her: "Pet Marjorie's life is probably the shortest to be recorded in these volumes, yet she is one of the most charming characters." Everything which passed through her innocent little mind she set down from day to day in her journals—her prayers, her efforts and failures to be good, her work, her childish loves—all these are intermingled with the moral precepts which it was the fashion of the age to impose in a bewildering manner upon children. Of the multiplication table, Marjorie says: "I am now going to tell you about the horrible and wretched plaege that my multiplication table gives me you cant conceive it—the most Devilish thing is 8 times 7 & 7 times 7 it is what nature itself cant endure." It will be seen that Marjorie has a spelling and phraseology of her own. Her opinions on books are everywhere refreshing. As this :—"I like sermons better than lectures Joy depends on thou O virtue Tom Jones & Gray's Elegey in a country churchyard are both excelent and much spoken of by both sex particularly by the men." We have not room to quote more from Marjorie's journals, which will appeal to all who love children, and provide an interesting theme for the student of psychology.

Mr. Robert Hichens

Who has added to his collection of short-story volumes "The Black Spaniel," in which he displays his wonted brilliancy and imagination

The publication of biographies still goes on apace, and we have not space for more than to mention some recent publications of this sort by name. There is much that is humorous, and still more, viewed rightly, that is pathetic, in Mr. Hickory Wood's *Life of Dan Leno* (Methuen), which will no doubt be widely read. By far the most important of the new batch of biographies is that of *Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace*, by himself. In two well-packed volumes we have laid before us a record of events and opinions extending over nearly eighty years, during which time Dr. Wallace has not only earned a reputation as our foremost scientist for original research, but has also been to the front in religious, political, and social life. It would be hard to over-praise these volumes, which should, on no account, be missed.

It is not every author, who, coming to the front by winning a publisher's competition, could have justified her reputation with such a book as *Saints in Society* (Fisher Unwin), and Mrs. Margaret Baillie-Saunders is heartily to be congratulated on her first novel. It is true the drab side of life is shown with very little relief, and the observant will notice an unthinking lapse here and there on the part of the author into the first person, but after reading this work, one looks forward with expectation to the author's next book. We should like to think that *Saints in Society* has met with the success it deserves, for there is much sound thinking of a very high

order in it, and the characters, apart from being the mouthpieces which give vent to solutions of sociological problems, interest us on the human side. Mark Hading and his wife are well and skilfully drawn, though we think that they are eclipsed by the author's portraiture of Lady Vera Vade, who, as the type of a particular woman common in Society circles, is drawn with striking fidelity. The book wants but one thing which would have gone far to save it from exerting a depressing influence from cover to cover, and that is—humour. This quality would not have detracted from the obvious purpose of the book, while it would most certainly have made it more readable, and, at the same time, given us a wider and truer picture of life in "the deeps," which is not altogether without its brighter aspects. Put this down on your library list, for it is well worth the reading.

Two Years in the Antarctic, by Lieut. A. B. Armitage, is a book by a young officer who was second in command under Captain Scott on the *Discovery*. Lieut. Armitage has brought his discipline into literature, for his book, no doubt like his work on the *Discovery*, supplements admirably the labours of his chief. Captain Scott, in *The Voyage of the Discovery* (Smith, Elder; 2 vols.), has told at length the results of his arduous two years amid the rigours of the Southern Polar Seas, and, in pleasant guise, Lieut. Armitage comes forward to tell of the personal side of the business—to tell us of the life led by the men who, "in the silence of those icy regions, toil on at the drag-ropes of a heavy sledge for the advancement of human knowledge." A stirring tale; the more thrilling because of its obvious modesty and truth. When you have finished reading about the scientific results of the expedition as set forth by Captain Scott, turn to the book by his lieutenant and see how forty-six men spent two years away from everything which, to the civilised being, means comfort. Mr. Alston Rivers has sent us a volume entitled, *The Siege of the South Pole*, by Hugh R. Mill, which is a history of explorations in the Southern Seas. This work is one of an important series dealing with exploration the world over, which is under the editorship of Dr. J. Scott Keltie. We hope to deal with *The Siege of the South Pole* next week, and shall await with interest the next volume of the series announced for publication, which is to be called "Tibet the Mysterious," and is by so eminent an authority as Colonel Sir Thomas Holdich. G. F. J.

The cover of Mr. W. W. Jacobs's latest volume

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

A Tale of the Montrose

Historical novels have been so numerous in recent years that one might imagine the themes were well-nigh exhausted, all the interesting periods and personages of history exploited; but now and again a writer comes forward with a new book which reminds us that there are picturesque personalities still awaiting the pen of the novelist. Mr. John A. Steuart, in his latest novel, "The Red Reaper" (Hodder: 6*s.*), offers us a case in point, for although Sir Walter Scott has given the Marquis of Montrose his place in classic fiction, this ideal figure of historical romance has been curiously neglected by present-day novelists. In Mr. Neil Munro's "John Splendid," it is Argyle, and not Montrose, who plays the leading part in the drama, and the late Mr. J. Maclaren Cobban, admirable novelist though he was—as one must admit in recalling "The Red Sultan"—cannot be said to have made much of Montrose in "The Angel of the Covenant," designed as an off-set to Mr. Munro's fine romance. But it is not too much to say that Mr. Steuart has quite succeeded, and that "The Red Reaper" will take its place among the best of recent historical novels. The book is built four-square, and, both in point of dramatic fitness and character, meets all the requirements of a thoroughly good novel.

A Tale of Old Russia

I have just read, with considerable pleasure, Mr. Fred Whishaw's "Moscow" (Longmans: 6*s.*), which is rather under the usual length of the novel, and seems the shorter for its brisk and steady movement. It is a story of the ancient capital in the stirring times of Napoleon's invasion, and although I cannot pretend to a knowledge of all Mr. Whishaw's former fiction, I should be surprised to know that he has ever written better than in this graphic and moving tale. It opens in a most dramatic manner with a child betrothal and the capricious sale of a serf, told in a way that immediately grips the reader and is admirably sustained throughout. Apart from the high qualities of the book as a work of fiction, I doubt if it would be possible to better it as a picture of Russian life a century ago.

New Humour

Well, the books are new, but the humour does not require any qualification. If anything, it should be classed as old—like "fine old port"—

since it is full of human kindliness, sympathy, high spirits. In two cases the names of the authors are almost all that need be mentioned in order to commend their works to my readers. Mr. W. W. Jacobs, in his latest collection of short stories, "Captains All" (Hodder: 3*s.* 6*d.*), gives us another welcome taste of the quality wherewith he first won all our hearts. There is no denying that Mr. Jacobs's true *métier* is the short story; after "Dialstone Lane," his last effort at the full novel, the precision with which he achieves the true purpose of humour in almost every story in the present collection, even if he had not written the many little masterpieces in his earlier books, would be proof positive. An Australian professor, in discoursing on humour the other day, said that Mr. Jacobs, Mr. Anstey, and Mr. Barrie, are the "three men who are keeping alive the traditions of English humour." But "there are others." And among them Mr. W. Pett Ridge deserves a prominent place. In his latest book, "On Company's Service" (Hodder: 5*s.*), if this delightful writer is not at his best, as he was, for instance, in "Next Door Neighbours," he is still in a very happy vein. It is a book that makes one wonder why it was not written long ago, as it introduces us to quite a new company of low comedians in the porters, ticket-collectors, and other officials of our railways. Mr. Pett Ridge, by the way, writes from the inside, as I believe he was at one time himself "on company's service" in a clerical capacity. The professor to whom I have just referred is also credited with describing American humour as "buffoonery rather than humour." This, of course, only indicates a limited acquaintance with his subject. If he had read such a book as "Susan Clegg" (Dean: 3*s.* 6*d.*), by Miss Anne Warner, he would surely have revised his judgment. I am not acquainted with any other work from the same pen, but I do not hesitate to say that "Susan Clegg" is one of the best examples of genuine humour America has sent to us; quite fit to take her place beside the famous "Mrs. Wiggs." Miss Warner achieves in this little book one of the highest attainments in the power of the literary artist: the creation of a real, humorous character. "As long 's a woman 's single," says Susan, "she 's top-dog in the fight, 'n' can say what she pleases, but after she 's married a man she 'll keep still 'f she 's wise, 'n' the wiser she is the stiller she 'll keep, for there 's no sense in ever lettin' folks know how badly you 've been taken in." Certainly, with three such books before us, there is no room for complaint that humorous reading is hard to come by.

Short Stories by Mr. Hichens

The position of Mr. R. S. Hichens among our leading writers of fiction has, since the publication of "The Garden of Allah," being placed beyond cavil. Any new work from his pen demands our attention, and can be judged by no more crucial test than that of his past achievement. So regarded, I am afraid that "The Black Spaniel" (Methuen: 6*s.*) will not rank with his best, although it is a collection of stories in which, always readable, he is sometimes in his best vein. I consider, for instance, that "Halima and Scorpions," which appeared originally in the BYSTANDER, could hardly be ignored in any survey of the modern short story, as it is a model of that most difficult art, almost worthy of Maupassant himself. Indeed, the best stories in the present volume are those with the desert for background, and to me the least satisfactory of all is the longer tale which gives its title to the book. None the less, "The Black Spaniel" is a book to be read, as it does something to prove the exceptional range of Mr. Hichens' powers. Few living writers have succeeded so well both in the long novel and the short story.

J. A. H.

"The Siege of the South Pole"

A realistic view of the Antarctic regions, from Hugh R. Mill's publication of the above name

Golf Notes and Notions

The Amateur v. the Professional

I referred last week to the fact that the multiplication of competitions among Amateurs and Professionals is tending more and more to drive them into opposite camps. This tendency has been going on for some time, and is now becoming more distinctly marked. Many causes, besides the competitions, have contributed to the same effect, such as the extraordinary increase in the numbers of players of both sections, and the creation of the Professional Golfers' Association. The situation thus brought about is a very delicate one, and requires very careful handling on the part of both Amateurs and Professionals if a result disastrous to the best interests of the game and its votaries is to be avoided. I hope I shall not be considered unduly fanciful if I assert that the game is being split up more and more distinctly into two separate halves, one half being the Amateur and the other the Professional game. We are, it seems to me, at the parting of the ways, and if golf is to be saved from the fate that overtook Association football, great care and caution must be exercised both by Amateurs and Professionals. To a certain extent, the marked, but I hope temporary, inferiority of amateurs to their professional contemporaries in point of play, is responsible for the widening line of cleavage between the two sections. This state of affairs is, I trust, only transient, but while it lasts it contributes to a state of feeling which is unhealthy for the best prospects of the game. Both sections seem to me to look at the game from more divergent points of view than in the old days. The amateurs, in some degree, are to blame, for it is small wonder if the adulation and flattery which the professionals are constantly receiving from the followers of the game have turned their heads and made them think that their word is law and that they are the lords and masters of the game.

The Fable of the Belly and the Members

The spirit of dissension bred by this attitude seemed to find its expression this year at St. Andrews during the Open Championship, and caused not only the present writer, but very many of the best and soundest judges of the game the gravest concern. It seems to me that the time has come to preach once again the famous old fable of the belly and the members, which was, in the first instance, addressed by Menenius Agrippa to the Roman people when they seceded to the Sacred Mount. In the present case, the Amateurs are the belly and the Professionals the members. The belly, at a pinch, can do without the members, but the members cannot possibly exist without the support of the belly. From the attitude adopted by some of the "members" at St. Andrews, one would imagine that they conceived the existence and support of the "belly" to be entirely unnecessary and superfluous. Very little reflection on the part of the "members" would show them how disastrous and foolish this conceit must be. Both sections in golf are useful to each other, but the one is absolutely necessary to the other, while the other can, if necessary, be dispensed with. I need not point out which of the two is the absolutely necessary section. It is a case of capital and labour, and the latter cannot live without the former. It is a deplorable matter for their best interests when they come to loggerheads. I hope and trust that such an evil event may never befall the game of golf, and it is because I see ominous signs pointing in that direction in the present position of affairs that I have conceived it my duty to utter a warning to all lovers of the game.

The Horrible Example of "Soccer"

Association football, as I said above, has suffered grievously from the avalanche of professionals which descended upon it and drove the amateurs into a distinct, if not hostile, camp. But that such a fate need not befall a game is shown by the case of cricket. In that game, although the professionals have for many years past been distinctly superior in powers of play to the amateurs, yet the two sections are absolutely united and combined in their devotion to the game and its interests under the wise and benevolent rule of the M.C.C. Well, I want golfers to imitate the example of cricketers, and to take warning from the case of Association football. It is mainly for this reason that those of us who support the Royal and Ancient Club have always set our faces against the creation of an Association, which we think would inevitably expose us to the dangers to which Association football fell a victim. Even as it is, a situation threatens to arise which will require the most adroit and cautious handling on the part of the leaders of both sections. I should not be surprised, under present circumstances, if the committees of clubs began to wonder whether it really pays to engage one of the leading professionals as professional and greenkeeper. That eminent personage has to be paid a high wage to secure his services, and for very many days of the year he will be absent, playing exhibition matches all over the country. If this state of affairs continues, the authorities at leading clubs will come to the decision that it pays them better to have a good greenkeeper and to dispense with the eminent player. For such a decision, if it should be adopted, the professionals will have to blame themselves and the present mania for exhibition matches in equal proportions. Every club which alters its course, or lengthens it, seems to think it necessary to advertise the fact by inviting various great players to play an exhibition round. All this tends to an obliteration of the sense of proportion, and both sections are thus doing their best to reduce golf from a game into an exhibition. I would earnestly beg the leaders of both classes to reflect upon the dangers of this situation, and to avert from our beloved sport the evils which threaten it.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

A Welcome Re-appearance

Photo by *Campbell Gray*

Mrs. Bernard Beere, at the Coliseum

As she appears in *The Spy*, a playlet specially written for her by Mr. Cecil Raleigh. Mrs. Bernard Beere is an actress too seldom seen these days upon the London stage, and playgoers should not miss an opportunity of seeing this production

The Riots at Santiago, Chili

1. Calle de Rivadavia, one of the principal business streets of Santiago de Chili

S[illegible]GO, the capi[illegible]li, whic[illegible] was recently the scene of rioting a[illegible]oodshed, is a regular, well-laid-out city of houses chie[illegible]y one storey high. It stands near the Andes, and is 1,700 feet above the sea level, enclosed by the snow-capped Cordilleras. It is a modern city, with electric light and tramcars. Tall buildings are absent, as the city is liable to visitations of earthquake. It has a population of over a quarter of a million.

2. The principal square of Santiago, showing the Cordilleras Nevadas in the background

The Week's Amateur Football

By H. S. SCRIVENER

The New Zealanders at Richmond

I celebrated the appearance of the hundredth issue of THE BYSTANDER by going to Richmond, where I sat on a damp plank with another damp plank in front of me (which my ticket of admission playfully described as a "Press seat") and watched the New Zealanders beating Surrey. The fact that I closed my umbrella as soon as the teams had appeared on the ground was duly recorded by the biograph at the Palace the next night. Some other members of the Press, more fortunate than myself, obtained seats under cover, and this doubtless explains why the arrangements for the accommodation of the Press were described in some papers as "excellent." So much depends upon the point of view. That Surrey made a much better fight than was anticipated is now ancient history. It was not the day for scientific football; but I ha[ve] better games under worse conditions. The Zealanders won owing to their superiority bot[h] pace and condition, which enables them to go [at] and keep on going hard all the time; and this is w[hat] tells in all weathers.

The Wing Man and the Whistle

The most interesting thing about the match was the way in which the referee dealt with the wing forward question. I have no hesitation in saying that the referee was absolutely right, and in so saying, I do not for one moment suggest that the New Zealanders do not "play fair." The plain fact is, that the rules are not interpreted in New Zealand in the same way as they are in England, when the referee knows his duties and performs them conscientiously. A penalty is provided in the case of a player who, not being in the scrummage, remains in front of the ball while it is in the scrummage. This is what the wing forward is continually doing; in performing the work which he is intended to perform, he gets in front of the ball—not always, but sometimes—and as often as he did it last Wednesday the referee blew his whistle. Moreover, his utility depends in the main upon his being able to be in front of the ball. As long as he remains behind, or on a level with, the ball, he is merely a supernumerary half-back; but to be really effective he must be something more than this, and it is in trying to be that "something more" that he infringes the rules as rightly interpreted in England. He does what a half-back, or any other player *not in the scrummage*, must not do. I emphasise the words "not in the scrummage" because I presume that the New Zealand interpretation of the rule is, that being a "forward" he must be deemed to be in the scrummage, and, therefore, not under the same disabilities as the players who are not. That is the only interpretation, as far as I can see, by which some of the things that a wing forward does can be justified; and, though it is a possible interpretation, there can be no question that it is a very strained one. The English interpretation is: "We don't care what you call yourself. Even if you go through the formality (as some wing men do) of placing your arm for a moment or two on the back of one of your scrummagers, you are not in the scrummage, and, therefore, you mustn't get in front of the ball." That seems to me the sound and logical interpretation.

Midlands v. Kent

The following day I saw Midlands *v.* Kent at Blackheath. Mr. Williams was again the referee, and it was noticeable that the wing forward (Rogers, on the Kent side) was just as carefully looked after by him as Gillett had been the day before. After half-time (and possibly because of this) Rogers went into the scrum. Of the play itself there is not much to be said. The Kent backs were very deficient in attacking power, and the Midlands would have given them a worse beating if it had not been for the sound[er] ance of Gibson at back.

The Dunn Cup-Tie

Rightly or wrongly, I regarded the Dunn Cup-Tie between the Old Carthusians and the Old Malvernians on Saturday as the virtual final of the Competition, although it actually occurred in the first round. This, coupled with the fact that I am particularly partial to the kind of Soccer one sees in these games, led me to give the preference to Queen's even over Blackheath, and thereby to miss seeing the New Zealanders in what appears to have been quite their happiest vein. However, I should not have liked to miss the Queen's game either, for it was a thoroughly interesting one, and was not won by Charterhouse with nearly as much ease as the score indicates. Indeed, in the first half, at any rate, Malvern did most of the attacking, but they threw away several chances, and some hot shots that might have been expected to score were well saved by Rowlandson, who was very much on the spot. Their only goal was gained about a minute after half-time, when Rowlandson, having run out and collided with James, left the goal open, and G. S. Foster scored. Charterhouse owed three of their four goals to Snell and to the promptness with which he let drive whenever there was a chance of a score. In fact, the play of the Charterhouse forwards, as a whole, when near goal was the better; Malvern were within shooting distance more often, but Charterhouse did more when they got there. It was a pity that the match did not begin earlier, for owing to the mist, which, if there is any of it about, is always as bad at Queen's as it is anywhere, it was difficult to make out what was going on during the last twenty minutes.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

The Carlton—Afloat and Ashore

The *Amerika* has certain innovations in floating hotels which are bound to make her name famous. With her great roomy cabins, in which suggestion of the sea or of the ship is eliminated as far as possible, her "lift to all floors," her gymnasium, nursery, her electric baths, her wide promenade decks—where an energetic passenger may take a two-mile constitutional before breakfast—with all the elements and details of that comfort which makes the voyage across the Pond a delightful holiday, the *Amerika* deserves to be famous. But there is no doubt that Ritz's Carlton Restaurant on the *Amerika* is the most popular feature of this and Carlton tact. But there is another reason why dinner in the restaurant is preferred by many voyagers to dinner in the *Amerika's* saloon—beautiful saloon though it is. There is no greater solace to the man about town, at the close of a wet, monotonous day, than his favourite table and his pet dish amid the comforting and cheering surroundings of the restaurant *par excellence*. His waiter knows his fads, studies his idiosyncracies; and fine linen, good plate, the aroma of a good cigar, the sparkle of choice wine, the whole atmosphere, in fact, of generous comfort and refinement please him almost as much as his exquisitely cooked food. And this atmosphere

The Hamburg-American Liner, "Amerika," which is fitted up with Ritz's Carlton Restaurant

Besides the Restaurant, where meals are served *à la carte* on small tables, the *Amerika* contains lifts to all floors, a gymnasium, a nursery, and electric baths

magnificent ship. I was not surprised when I was told at first hand the other day, on visiting the Carlton afloat as soon as the *Amerika* dropped her mighty anchor in Plymouth Sound on her return from her maiden voyage, that every night the *à la carte* restaurant had been filled with delighted epicures, but I was surprised to find on a ship—even the largest ship afloat—how completely the discomforts of the sea had been banished; how closely and carefully the best features of the ideal restaurant ashore have been carried out. It requires no effort in that luxurious corner of the twenty-two thousand ton floating palace, which even the Atlantic rollers cannot play with, to imagine oneself in the finest restaurant of London or Paris. Here one finds Carlton cooking and Carlton viands, Carlton taste is the great factor in the success of the Carlton restaurant on the *Amerika*.

Nothing is wanting in the details of the restaurant to carry out and sustain the reputation of the Carlton. But for the experience and tact of the promoters, the scheme might easily have been a failure, or something bordering on eccentricity. The venture was a very bold one, and a very costly one, and the success it has already attained is therefore the more pleasing. The decorations have been carried out in the style, beloved of connoisseurs, of Louis XVI. The tables have been arranged to accommodate parties of any number up to twelve. The restaurant has its own kitchens staffed from the Carlton Hotel, whence come also the brigade of waiters. The silver is splendid. It was used

The Carlton—Afloat and Ashore

Three views of the Carlton Ashore:

(1) The Carlton

(2) The Restaurant

(3) The Palm Court

(For a view of the Carlton Afloat, see page 305).

by the German Emperor on his voyage to the Mediterranean last Spring, and its beautiful design and workmanship gained the admiration of His Majesty. In the evenings, a gold-plated service is used. The china and glass are of the finest and costliest nature. Separate services are used for each meal, and it would be hard to decide in preference for the delicate beauty of either. In a word, it would seem as if, in this cosy little restaurant on the *Amerika*, the climax of elegance and comfort has been attained. The elaborate arrangements which have been made for carrying fresh provisions on board the ship gives the *chef* as much culinary scope as he has on shore, and the reasonable charges would surprise those persons in whose mind the Carlton is always associated with millionaires.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

It may, in fact it most certainly will, seem an absurdity to the mere male mind, that to the unfortunate feminine there is nothing more distracting than a dress problem. Myself, now, I am deeply and desperately concerned over the belated millinery modes here, and am searching for the logic which sends us, as a nation, to Paris for the earliest modes, although, on arriving there, we decline to recognise anything but the fashion of the day before yesterday.

The millinery we are wearing, and very loudly proclaiming *le dernier cri*, is not, with a few rare exceptions, in the very least like the millinery the *mondaine* affects in Paris. And this, I am proud to say, is no fault of our own milliners, who would only too gladly reflect the French atmosphere over here, saving only that they have a pardonable little weakness for earning a livelihood, and selling the wares they provide. But strangest part of the story is, that in the end, probably in a year's time, we shall be falling down in abject submission before the models we are now utterly incapable of appreciating.

Viewed from an English standpoint, real French millinery is decidedly grotesque this season. The angles it is induced to achieve are so unusual, while strangest of all is the deep back brim, swept up to an amazing height on an extravagant *cache-peigne*. The bowler crown, in Paris, is ubiquitous, whereon the cavalier suggestion is maintained by clusters of pheasant's tail-feathers, *coq's* plumes that literally sweep the shoulder, and the inevitable Paradise plume for those who can afford the indulgence of a small fortune expended on a single accessory.

Tattersall Check Shirt, sketched at Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road

A Modern Amalgamation

Nor has there, probably, been anything stranger for years, nor yet anything more replete with sartorial subtlety, than the blending of Directoire and Empire modes. And under the head of Directoire comes the Princesse gown, about which there is a very furore in Paris for visiting and afternoon wear. We have no scintillation of an idea over here how very emphatic is this vogue, nor how perfect is the expression. To begin with, no self-respecting Frenchwoman recognises any but the slightest outline of hips, a contour that holds good alike for the Empire and Princesse. In arranging for the former, the crux of the whole matter is a sheath-like silk or satin slip that controls the figure in every detail, the seductive outline being clearly visible through the deftly-disposed Empire folds; while the present aspect of the Princesse steals a suggestive note from the Empire by just escaping the figure in centre front.

Tea on the terrace at Ritz, in Paris, or at the Elysée Palace, is the time to see these confections in their most convincing aspect, cloth and chiffon velvet dividing the honour of materialisation. An irresistible scheme was of grey *souple* cloth, the exquisitely corseted figure moving within the grey sheath as easily, and with all the suppleness, forsooth, of a *danseuse* or acrobat. On concluding her "five o'clock"—a phrase that has really become a recognised noun in the French language—this notable *élégante* donned a long Directoire coat of black Breitzschwan, the basque whereof nearly measured the length of the skirt.

The Ideal Rink Gown

Then a development, or, perhaps one should say, variation of the Princesse, is the corselet skirt, a model, when privileged to find expression in the new coarse-ribbed corduroy, that creates the perfection of a rink frock, supplemented by some smart, fussy, little shirt of lace, net and lace, or ninon. Those gyrating around on steel find these covered-in rinks unbearably warm, whereas the mere gazers are made to realise the discomfort of the North Pole. Wherefore is it almost of necessity that the former are more or less coolly clad about the shoulders, with the handy wrap to slip on when resting; and the blouse, in its pristine simplicity, is, despite the most valiant efforts, beginning to strike the familiar note that is tinged with contempt.

For my own part, I am persuaded greatly in favour of the corselet skirt under its latest auspices, for, thanks to the cunning of the latter-day *couturière*, it has achieved an elegance never before arrived at, and is, moreover, a movement that will carry us unconsciously into the more advanced realms of the Princesse robe. A detail of interest also, that is recalled by mention of the rink, has to do with a certain little metal case—gold, silver, nickel, or

Pretty Tucked Crêpe Delaine Blouse

(Cream Ground)

With Spots of various sizes; to fasten in front with large white pearl buttons; in Green, Navy, Black, Red, and Sky.

MARSHALL AND SNE[illegible] GROVE

VERE[illegible]REET

OXF[illegible]

Price **10/6**

Fancy Delaine Blouse

With Lace Chemisette, Collar, and Cuffs; in Mauve, Brown, Pink, Sky, Red, Navy, Black, and Green.

Price **10/6**

Fills itself in 5 seconds

The **"ONOTO"** is a Self-filling Fountain Pen. You unscrew the top, draw out the Piston, dip the nib in the inkwell and press down, and the pen is full. Think how convenient! No tube and teat to hunt up. No time wasted, and

NO INKY FINGERS.

The **"ONOTO"** has other advantages. A patent twin-feed ensures regular and immediate flow. The regulating valve enables you to regulate flow to a nicety and *stop it altogether when not in use.* The **"ONOTO"** costs **16/6** (**10/6** without Self-filling patent). Of all Stationers, or direct from Manufacturers.

Send for Descriptive Pamphlet, it will interest you.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & Co., Ltd.,
LONDON, E.C.

THE ONOTO FOUNTAIN PEN

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

ARE NOW SHOWING THE

Latest Fashions in Fur Garments.

NOVELTIES IN CHOICE FURS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Ladies' own Furs Renovated and Remodelled to present Fashions

Jas. SHOOLBRED & Co.,
156, Tottenham Court Road.

An Empire Evening Dress
(An original sketch by K. Pleydel Young)

gun-metal, according to one's means or status. It is about the size and shape of an ordinary cigarette case, and contains compartments for small money, a powder-puff, tiny looking-glass, pencil, and the like addenda, and is attached to a long chain that is wound round the fingers. In Paris, this solid case has quite taken the place of the pliable gold chain bag, and evidences merely another instance of the fickleness of the fair Parisienne.

From the Sublime to the Sensible

Never within the annals of shirt and blouse history has it been rendered so difficult to obtain a model with practical sleeves. Every *manche* is curtailed, or made in some fashion wholly impossible for the laundress to manœuvre. And a shirt that does not wash or clean easily loses more than half its *raison d'être*, a condition of things that induces us to turn with more gratitude than ever to that tailor-made model of Shoolbred's. There never has been, and it is impossible to see how there ever can be, a more perfect shirt than this one at Tottenham House. To the lover of neat tailor-made clothes, it epitomises all the virtues, and the presiding genius of this gentlemen's department, whence the fancy emanates, has so caught the enthusiasm of the appreciation accorded the effort, that never a season dawns but we are tempted by fresh fabrics. Anything smarter than the new Tattersall flannels it would be impossible to imagine, the grounds in every case being ivory, checked Tattersall fashion with a colour, and the range, as usual, is endless. For shooting, golfing, motoring, and smart, knockabout wear, this style has an assured success.

Then another speciality of the season is "Silklaine," a silk-striped flannel of exceptional quality, beautifully soft to the feel, as it is woven of the finest Saxony wool, and Messrs. Shoolbred are presenting the fancy in a bewildering array of colours and combinations. The price of a shirt in "Silklaine," made to measure, is only 14*s.* 6*d.*, the spun silk ones commencing at 15*s.* 6*d.*, while those of the Cardinal flannel, light and warm and unshrinkable, are only 11*s.* 6*d.* But my heart goes back to that Tattersall check, an illustration whereof is offered by our artist, as the very newest, most attractive, and wholly desirable variety ever brought before the public.

The self-measurement forms, provided by Messrs. Shoolbred for the convenience of country clients, have proved, throughout the scheme, an unqualified success— he directions are so perfectly simple.

Our Original Sketch

Illustrates an Empire evening dress, under the latest approved decree. There is delightful daring in the mingling of lace, velvet, and fur, effected in a scheme of soft yellow, ivory lace and ermine, the tiny coatee opening on a vest of black silk, ornamented with a sequin trimming, and cut jet and strass buttons.

DELICIOUS
TO THE LAST DROP

"A Perfect Beverage combining Strength. Purity, and Solubility."
MEDICAL ANNUAL.

"It's flavour, soft and fully developed, is delicious."
COURT JOURNAL.

van Houten's Cocoa

"THE GREATEST OF CARD GAMES."

QUIT

Take a Game Home with you.

EVERYBODY IS PLAYING QUIT.

CLUB EDITION, 2/6.

Plain Edition, 2s. Gold Edge Edition, 3s.

PARKER BROTHERS, Inc.,
11, Lovell's Court, E.C.
Publishers: PIT, Bid, Toot, Squire, etc.

"PATRICIAN"
Graceful and Dressy

Appropriate for any Costume

Boots 15/9
Shoes 13/9

Long recognised as the best Value in smart AMERICAN FOOTWEAR

Peter Robinson Ltd.
OXFORD STREET, W.

A Woman's Note Book

IS REPOSE OF MANNER POSSIBLE?

Is not repose of manner just the very most difficult thing to attain under present social conditions? In our perhaps too powerful imaginations, it is allied with indolence; we are terrified of becoming idle; we are appalled by the thought of being useless. True, when all our work is over and done with, it may not be (especially if judged by other people) found to have greatly profited anybody but ourselves—still that it should have benefited ourselves is *something* advantageous. It is a great thing to imagine we are useful, even though we should be unable to persuade our neighbours of the truth of such a theory; besides, it keeps us cheerful and good-tempered, which surely *does* profit those around us. It also restrains us when we might otherwise be minding the business of other people instead of attending to our own. There is nothing so trying as the companionship of a regular busybody; and though the absence of such an evil may be termed only a negative blessing, it is a very real one.

The happy medium is so hard to find; and surely it is better to be too busy, though it involves living at a break-neck speed, than to pride ourselves upon indolence. The multitude of men will always exaggerate anything they take up, but exaggerated enthusiasm is an amiable fault, and overwork a defect for which we must own a lurking respect, however much we may accuse the worker of folly. Besides, it is ridiculous, after the way the world has gone on for countless ages, to expect the twentieth-century inhabitants of this globe to suddenly start acting with the moderation of philosophers and the intelligence of angels.

Nevertheless, we must own that there *is* a happy medium, and that in some cases mere mortals have succeeded in hitting it. Repose of manner may generally, but does not necessarily, involve indolence and apathy, which are rather the repose of mere drowsiness than that of an active and intelligent mind at peace with itself and its surroundings. There is nothing more satisfactory and altogether delightful than a restful woman. She is like a soothing balm, yet, at the same time, an invigorating tonic to a tired-out, nervous community. Her company is sought after, her advice is followed, her judgment revered; because, as a matter of fact, the repose is not a mere absence of restlessness and mannerism, but is founded upon a solid foundation of characteristics which entitle her to the respect she is given. And the best of it is, she is no mere fable: she really exists. Even in this much-abused twentieth century, she is to be found. Yet I admit that restful women are now very rare; they are nothing more or less than miracles amidst the hurry and noise of every-day life—and miracles do not often happen. We may endeavour to copy this engaging type of character, but we shall only succeed in a very far-off manner; like geniuses, such women are born, not made, and I do not know of any recipe for spreading their virtues throughout the world at large. All I can say is, that if we have the good fortune to find one, it would be well to take care of her.

LADY PHYLLIS.

A Luncheon Menu

Red Mullets à la Française
Mutton Cutlets au Parmesan
Boiled Pheasant, with Celery Sauce
Cheese Omelet

RED MULLETS À LA FRANÇAISE

With a damp cloth, wipe six red mullets; put into a sauté-pan one dessertspoonful of chopped parsley, one of chopped onion, one of chopped mushrooms, and two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil; fry a little, pour off the oil, and add a small glass of sherry; lay in the mullets, season with pepper and salt, add a little white stock, cover with a buttered paper, and set them in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. When done, remove the paper, dish up the fish, and keep warm. Skim off all fat from the pan, put it on the fire, with two ladlefuls of brown sauce, one dessertspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a pinch of sugar; let it boil for a few minutes, and pass through a sieve. Pour the sauce over the fish, and garnish with a few button mushrooms, which have been previously heated up in a little stock.

MUTTON CUTLETS AU PARMESAN

Take the best end of a neck of mutton, trim carefully six cutlets and partly fry them, then steep them in a sauce made of two tablespoonfuls of white sauce, in which is mixed four spoonfuls of grated Parmesan cheese, and then coat them twice over with egg and breadcrumbs, make the surface very smooth and even, fry them a golden brown, and dish them up on a bed of spinach.

BOILED PHEASANT, WITH CELERY SAUCE

Put two slices of fat bacon in the bottom of a stewpan and place the pheasant on it, put in, also, one large carrot and turnip, an onion stuck with three cloves, a bunch of parsley and herbs tied together, and a lemon cut in slices. Cover the breast of the bird with a piece of buttered paper, and pour in enough boiling water to come half-way up the pheasant. Put the lid on the pan and let the contents simmer very gently about three-quarters of an hour. This is an excellent way of serving old pheasants.

CELERY SAUCE.—Take the best part of two heads of celery, wash them well and cut them into thin slices. Melt 3 oz. of butter, put in the celery, and cook it gently in the butter about twenty minutes, but it must not get the least brown. Next stir in 2 oz. of flour smoothly, add one pint of milk and stir over the fire till the sauce boils and thickens. Season it nicely with white pepper, salt, and a little nutmeg. Let it simmer again for fifteen minutes, strain through a hair sieve, make it very hot and pour over and around the pheasant.

CHEESE OMELET

Break three eggs into a basin and whip them till well mixed, add pepper, salt, and 2 oz. of grated Parmesan cheese. Melt 1 oz. of butter in the omelet-pan; when the butter is quite hot, pour the egg mixture into the pan, stir quickly to prevent sticking. Keep shaking the pan to prevent the omelet from sticking or burning; spread it over the bottom of the pan to let it cook through, and watch it very carefully. When just set, take a knife and put it under the omelet and fold it over. When the omelet is of a pale brown colour, turn it out of the pan on to a hot dish.

EMILIA.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

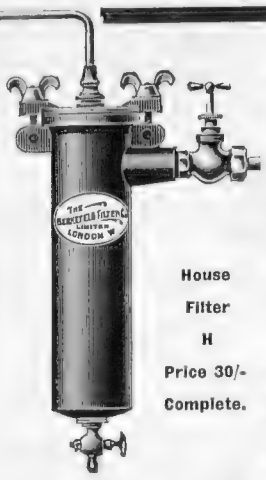
This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.



House Filter H Price 30/- Complete.

AVOID THE DANGER OF DRINKING IMPURE WATER WHICH CAUSES TYPHOID FEVER AND OTHER WATER-BORNE DISEASE.

THE

"BERKEFELD" FILTER

(PATENT)

can be fitted to your House Service pipe, and will ensure a constant supply of perfectly pure water.

DR. ANDREW WILSON says: "No House, Office, School, or Hospital should be without one of these efficient 'Berkefeld' Filters."

Write for particulars to

THE BERKEFELD FILTER Co., Ltd.,

121, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

No. 14

(as Illustration).

In Mohair Caracal Cloth, with braidings and Chenille Embroidery

65/-

Book of Fashions in all departments, post free on application.

NEWEST STYLES IN SHORT COATS

In Velvet, and in the New Mohair Caracal Cloth.

TOTTENHAM HOUSE, TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.

TEMPORARY SAFE-KEEPING OF PLATE

Jewellery, and Valuables of every description.

THE CHANCERY LANE SAFE DEPOSIT

61 & 62, CHANCERY LANE,

Provides Special Accommodation for Temporary Storage of Valuables from 5s.

SAFES from £1 1s. to £5 5s. per annum.

STRONG ROOMS from £5 5s. to £100 per annum.

DEPOSIT BANK.

Deposits received at 2½ per cent. compound interest.

INSPECTION INVITED.

Full particulars on application to the Manager, E. VINCENT EVANS, 63 and 64, Chancery Lane, W.C.

BORWICK'S BAKING POWDER.

For Buns, Scones, Pastry & Apple Dumplings. Reliable, Economical.

The Best in the World.

CONNOISSEURS OF COFFEE DRINK THE

RED WHITE & BLUE

DELICIOUS FOR BREAKFAST & AFTER DINNER.

In making use less quantity it being so much stronger than ordinary COFFEE.

MUDIE'S LIBRARY.

SUBSCRIPTIONS OPENED AT ANY DATE, FOR THREE, SIX, AND TWELVE MONTHS.

TOWN SUBSCRIPTIONS, 21s. yearly.

BOOKS OF PAST SEASONS, 10s. 6d. yearly.

Terms for Country, Suburbs, and Parcel Post sent post free on application to

MUDIE & CO., 30-34, New Oxford St., London.

Who said

BOVRIL

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Olympia Will Soon Open

The autumn Motor Exhibition is close at hand. Olympia, slightly enlarged, will endeavour to accommodate three hundred exhibitors and the public who will come to inspect their wares. Opening on November 17, the Society of Motor Manufacturers have placed the Paris manufacturers in an awkward position. The Frenchmen either had to lose their grip on the English motor public or rob their own Salon of much of its interest by showing their 1906 models in West Kensington. Weight of money, as always, has told, and the majority of the important French makers are showing at Olympia. Judging from last year, space will be all too limited, and it is much to be regretted that the Society still endeavours to include motor-boats and heavy vehicles. There are five times as many manufacturers showing heavy vehicles as there were last year. Motor-'buses, lorries, and motor-boats, occupy much valuable room, and it is much to be hoped that next year they will relieve the pressure by appearing later on at a Show of their own.

Sir J. Clifton Robinson

The Chairman of the United Tramways Company. This company's tram-lines now monopolise every main thoroughfare of London

Kingston and Its Trams

Why Kingston, of all places, should have suffered trams to block its streets is inexplicable. The town authorities have steadily set their faces against any improvement in locomotion. Commanding the London entrance to the favourite Portsmouth road, they have been little less than a nuisance to Londoners who wish to travel on the open stretches of that fine highway. Pioneers in petty persecution in the early days of cycling, the town authorities summoned wheelmen by the score. Hundreds of convictions for pedalling too fast, or of riding to the danger of the public, stand to the credit of the worthy magistrates of Kingston. After cycles, cars. Speed traps, danger to the public traps, set at present every Saturday and Sunday, never fail to catch a number of harmless motorists. *But now Kingston is having trams.* Like the motor-'bus, the tram is modern, quick, and useful, but, unlike the motor-'bus, it is inelastic, and unsuitable to such narrow streets as Kingston. Only a short time ago, the Kingston authorities tried to persuade the Local Government Board to *restrict the speed of motor-cars to six miles an hour.* Now they regard with pride the tram track through their narrow streets, and see nothing dangerous in a double line of trams over the river bridge. This bridge carries a large amount of traffic; twenty-five feet wide, the two tram tracks leave but sixteen inches between the outer line and the path on one side, and twenty-four inches on the other.

In the grip of the tramway

The roadway over Kingston Bridge is now entirely occupied by the trams, there being but a few inches between the outer rails on each side and the footway

Strain at the Motor and Swallow the Tram

How is it that the representatives of the town have strained at the motor and swallowed the tram? How can they reconcile their demand for a six-mile-an-hour limit for motor-cars with their tramway? Do they think the trams will travel at six miles an hour? Do they consider the present state of Kingston Bridge a safe one? When the different tram-line sections are linked up, there will be a complete circuit from Hammersmith, through Kingston to Malden, Wimbledon, and Tooting. The residents of Kingston may not like motor-cars, but I hardly imagine that they will be pleased when their narrow streets are blocked with tram-cars. But whether or not the inhabitants will like the trams when they begin running, they are an accomplished fact, and the managing director of the United Tramways Company can, at all events, be congratulated on his business perspicacity in securing their introduction into the ancient borough of Kingston. He has now achieved the distinction of having laid his tram-lines along every principal thoroughfare that leads from London.

Trams Habitually Exceed the Legal Limit

Although the Local Government Board refused Kingston's first application for a six-mile limit for motor-cars, they have since, to some extent, yielded. Through ten of the principal streets in the town, the speed limit for motors has now been fixed at ten miles an hour. Thanks to the Automobile Club, the speed rate of tram-cars in several important centres have been ascertained; as the following figures show, it is instructive :—

Every Motorist and Every Intending Motorist

Should visit the LONDON Depot for

'ARGYLL' CARS

The Best Exhibition of Cars in London.

Unlimited Selection for Immediate Delivery of "Argylls" of all Types at Prices from

£350 to £1,000

ARGYLLS, LONDON, Ltd., 17, Newman St., Oxford St., W.

Chairman and Managing Director: EUSTACE H. WATSON.

Messrs. ALFRED DUNHILL, Ltd., have opened a Branch Establishment in our Showroom with a full range of their well-known Motor Clothing, &c., &c.

Telephone: 1579 Gerrard. Telegrams: "Carguiless," London.

A Motor-Car
combining
Speed, Comfort, Elegance,
and Reliability.

C. G. V.

(Charron, Girardot, & Voigt)
Trials by appointment to
THE LONDON MOTOR GARAGE
C°., LTD..
33-37, Wardour Street,
LONDON, W.

D. & H.

FDB

FREEMANS' DARVEL BAY
SEGARS

The Strongest Testimony to their excellent qualities is their Annual Sale of 8,000,000 Upwards.

. . OF ALL PRINCIPAL DEALERS . .

FOR DISCRIMINATING SMOKERS

STATE EXPRESS

CIGARETTES

No. 555

4/9 per 100.

1/3 per 25.

Sold by all Tobacconists and Stores.

Manufacturers:
ARDATH TOBACCO CO.,
London, E.C.

SPEED RATE OF TRAM-CARS

Town.	Distance over which Timed.	Number of Cars.	Average Speed of all Cars included in Previous Column.	Average Speed of Six Fastest Cars.	Speed of the Fastest Car Timed.
London (Streatham Hill) ...	Yds. 110	22	18·95	20·45	21·22
Ealing	88 and 110	84	13·52	17·44	18·44
Newport	110 and 44	56	12·94	16·16	17·25
Manchester ...	162, 148, 144, 158,	20	17·91	20·36	21·25
Leeds	88	34	16·41	22·00	22·70
Cardiff	88	39	14·18	16·58	17·30

One may fairly conclude from this table that all tram-cars travel over the usual speed limit of ten miles an hour, and frequently exceed the special maximum, fourteen miles an hour limit allowed by the Board of Trade.

by Motor Union officials, and, immediately they exceed the Board of Trade limit, legal action should be taken. Not that there is any danger in driving a tram over fourteen miles an hour. The man in charge of a tram is almost invariably a good and careful driver. But equally so is the man at the wheel of the motor-'bus. While unnecessary speed limits are in force they must apply equally to all parties.

Hindhead now a Public Possession

One of the inducements to motorists to brave the police at Kingston, and the unnecessary traps that infest the open stretches of the Ripley road, is the remarkable beauty of the country round Hindhead. As all frequenters of the Portsmouth highway know, a mile or two from Godalming, the road runs through open country—there are no hedges or fences. Clad in heather and pine, this country is always good to look upon, whatever the month of the year.

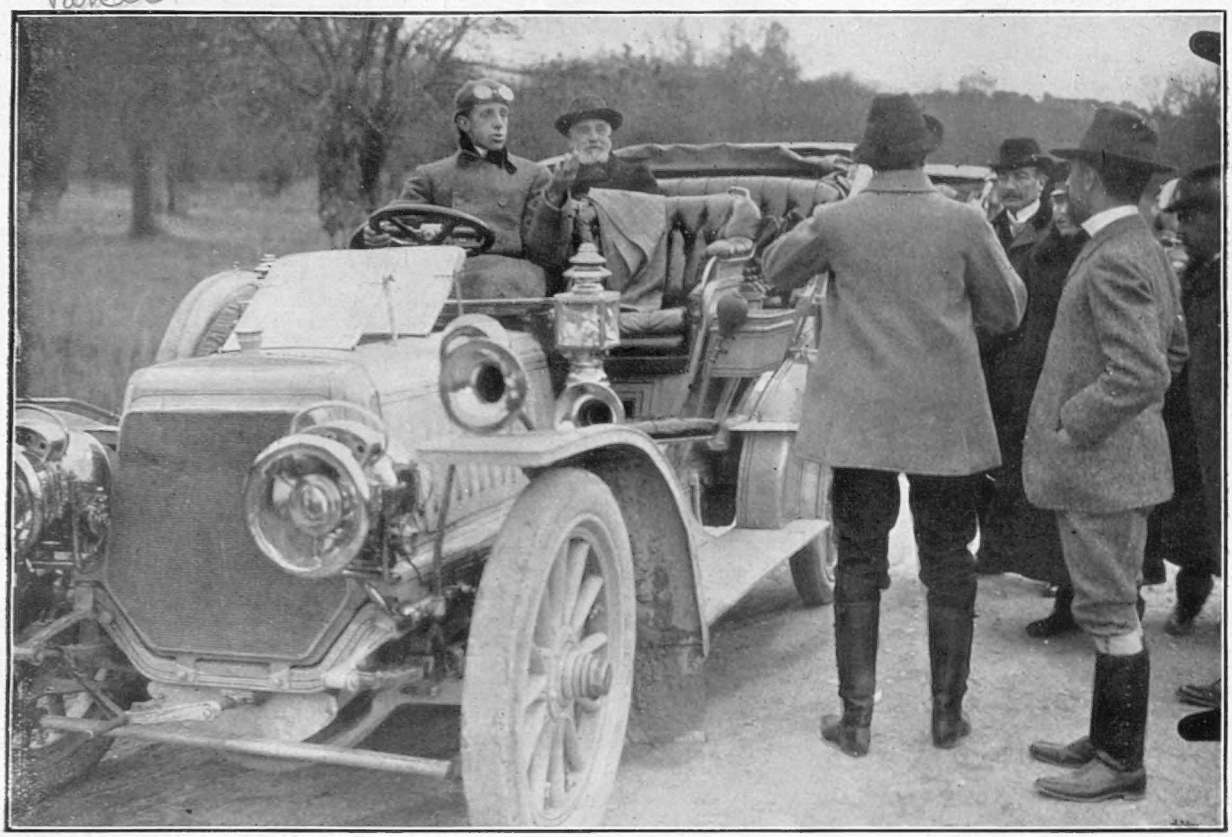


Photo by] **M. Loubet and the Spanish King at Rio Frio** *[Illustrations Bureau*

Alfonso XIII., Spain's young monarch, is seen at the wheel, the place he generally occupies on a car

Traps for Trams

Without any municipal help the motor-'bus is proving its utility. It seems distinctly unfair that, while a tram with impunity travels up to twenty miles an hour, the petrol vehicle should be restricted to ten. There is not much doubt, too, that in a place like Kingston, while the police will rigorously enforce the ten-mile speed limit in the case of motors, yet the trams will never be interfered with. While set speed limits for any class of vehicle are to be deprecated, it would seem advisable that, in places where motor-cars are restricted to ten miles an hour, the Motor Union should carry the war into the enemy's country. To show the futility of any speed limit for road vehicles, the tram cars should be constantly timed

Years ago, the late Mr. Whitaker Wright added to his Lea Park Estate by the purchase of the Manor of Witley. The manorial rights are extensive, and include not only the many acres of heath and pine woods which the Portsmouth road runs through, but also the famed Hindhead itself. The fate of this splendid stretch of country was definitely decided a week or so ago. Although but little notice was given of the sale of Lea Park and the Manor of Witley, the Commons' Preservation Society took the matter up. Local residents helped, and the issue was most satisfactory. It is now certain that this fine piece of country will remain for ever open to the public.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.

Facts About YOUR Skin

Glance at the looking-glass, and you will notice that the pores on your nose are larger than those on any other part of the face. Being larger, they clog easier, and you are thus able to see what is taking place all over the face and body; for it must be remembered that what you see on your nose is going on in every part of the body where you cannot see it. The pores are always getting stopped up, impurities form, the skin becomes unhealthy, is often rendered unsightly, and great discomfort may be caused. Is this so in your case?

Before using "Antexema"

If your skin is red or rough, has any blemish upon it, or if you suffer from any skin trouble in any part of the body, you want something that will give immediate relief, and make your skin clear, pure, and healthy once again. "Antexema" is a scientific remedy, being the discovery of a well-known doctor. It stops irritation immediately, removes all skin blemishes, and is a sure cure for skin complaints of every kind.

The one point that should be remembered above all others is, that many, if not all, of the most severe forms of skin trouble might be avoided with but a small amount of trouble if attention were given to the matter as soon as the first symptoms showed themselves. Everyone knows the danger of a neglected cold, and the danger of a neglected skin trouble is as great, and the results of inattention in the early stages quite as disastrous.

THE SKIN AND ITS FUNCTIONS

We all breathe with our skin as well as with our lungs, and it is therefore most important that every pore should be kept open. That is why "Antexema Soap" should always be used for washing. It not only cleanses the surface of the skin, but also cleanses the pores and keeps them free, open, and able to do their work well. In addition to being a breathing organ, the skin is also a loom for making the beautiful protecting blanket which covers the whole of the body, and is known as the scarf or outer skin. The surface of the skin is covered with millions of tiny pores, and most of these carry away, by means of perspiration, the watery waste of the system, and the others secrete the natural oil of the skin which makes it soft, smooth, and elastic.

"Antexema" cleanses the pores, soothes and softens the skin, and pimples, roughness, blemishes, chafing, and all skin troubles disappear under its magical influence. "Antexema" is an unrivalled cure for eczema, psoriasis, and nettlerash; but it is just as useful for burns, bruises, blisters, insect bites, chaps, chilblains, skin irritation, and gentlemen whose skin is tender find it the very thing to use after shaving. It is not an ointment, but forms an invisible healing, soothing, non-poisonous protective coating over the tender surface, and a new skin is thus able to grow beneath it. For every purpose for which cold cream and similar preparations are used, "Antexema" is far more valuable, because not only does it cool and soothe, but it heals in a most wonderful way.

Thousands of people during the last few months have availed themselves of our offer to send a copy of our booklet on "Skin Troubles," and we are glad to know that it has proved wonderfully useful. This family handbook is full of thoroughly accurate and exceedingly useful information that cannot fail to interest. Skin troubles are so common, the discomfort they cause is so great, and the disfigurement due to them in many instances so marked, that a little book containing the essence of modern scientific knowledge in regard to the cause, cure, and prevention of all forms of skin illness cannot fail to be appreciated. That is why you should procure a copy.

AN INTERESTING LITTLE BOOK

The great virtue of the handbook on "Skin Troubles" is not its size. It is small and light, and will go into the pocket, but it contains more genuine and valuable information than many books twenty times its size. The following are the headings of some of the paragraphs:—Care of the Skin, What the Skin is, What a Skin Trouble is, The Antexema Skin Remedies, Skin Troubles Caused by Excessive Oily Secretion, by Deficient Oily Secretion, by Excessive Formation of Scarf-skin, by Temporary Loss of Scarf-skin, by Unhealthy Scarf-skin, by Acid Perspiration, by Impure Blood, and Those Caused by Insects and Vegetable Moulds. Some of the skin troubles referred to are:—Acne, Babies' Skin Troubles, Bad Complexions, Baldness, Barber's Itch, Boils, Blotches, Chaps, Chilblains, Corns and Bunions, Dandruff; Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable, Easily-Chapped Skin; Skin troubles affecting the ears, eyes, feet, hands, and scalp; Eczema (chronic and acute), Eczema of the Legs, Erysipelas, Facial Blemishes, Gouty or Rheumatic Eczema, Insect Bites, Leg Wounds, Lip and Chin Troubles, Nettlerash, Piles, Pimples, Psoriasis, Ringworm, Shingles, Scrofula, and Wrinkles. These are merely some of the troubles that affect the skin, many of them unsightly, and all causing discomfort, if not acute pain, and sufferers are naturally anxious to get rid of their ailments. Nothing will do this so surely, safely, or as easily as "Antexema," the standard skin remedy.

PROVE THE VALUE OF "ANTEXEMA."

"Antexema" is supplied by all Chemists and Stores at 1*s.* 1½*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.*, or may be obtained direct, post free, in plain wrapper, for 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 9*d.* The family handbook, "Skin Troubles," is full of information from end to end about the cause, nature, and cure of skin complaints, and the way to keep cured afterwards, and will be forwarded post free to our readers, together with free trial of "Antexema," if THE BYSTANDER is mentioned, and three penny stamps are enclosed for postage and packing. Address your letter to "Antexema," 83, Castle Road, London, N.W., and write at once.

After using "Antexema"

The Editor's Box

The Winter Club

A sort of winter approximation to the Old Welcome Club at Earl's Court is about to be formed at Olympia during the approaching bad weather, entitled, "The Winter Club." Its privileges include an opportunity of taking part in all sorts of sports and games during the winter, the use of club premises, a fine view of all entertainments and sporting functions in the Olympia arena, Sunday concerts by a special band, and a first-rate *cuisine* by J. Lyons and Co., Ltd. Ladies and gentlemen alike are eligible for membership, the subscription for the former being three, and the latter five guineas. Applications to "The Winter Club," Ashton's Royal Agency, 38, Old Bond Street, or to Mr. A. E. Manning-Foster, 8, Bury Street, St. James's, S.W.

"The Musician"

A really excellent new musical monthly is the *Musician*, just published, price 6*d.*, by the Vincent Music Company, Ltd., of Berners Street, W. It contains several brightly written and original articles on musical subjects, all of which are tastefully illustrated. There are also some half a dozen new pianoforte pieces and songs, a casual glance at which inspires a desire for further scrutiny, and music lovers, professional and amateur, would be well advised in taking the *Musician*, which has probably come to stay.

Natural History For All

Quite the best means of impressing natural history on the youthful mind is by means of lantern demonstrations, but hitherto the coloured slides for the purpose have been extremely costly, and without continuity. Messrs. W. Butcher and Sons have therefore introduced, at prices within the reach of every student, a large number of Natural History slides. These have received in their production the most careful consideration, the colouring especially having had constant thought, in order to get it as true to nature as possible. British butterflies and moths, birds, reptiles, sea and wild animals, are each exhaustively represented, and are supplied in boxes of eight slides. In addition to their purely didactic value, the above slides will be appreciated for their extreme beauty and for their gorgeous combinations of colour.

Dumb Friends' League Bazaar

On November 28, and two following days, there is to take place at the Caxton Hall, Westminster, in connection with "Our Dumb Friends' League," the Animal Lovers' Bazaar. One of the stalls is held by the Committee of the Ladies' Branch of the Kennel Club. At this, it is proposed to sell "Inanimate Animals" of every description, from an elephant to a caterpillar, pictures of animals or animal life, etc., and, of course, any gifts pertaining to this order will be much appreciated. One of the assistants at the stall will be a tiny miniature black-and-tan dog, "Rudolph of Radnage," which belongs to Mrs. Chapman, an influential Kennel Club member. Mrs. Barry, 12, Queen's Gate Terrace, Kensington, has very kindly consented to receive all parcels sent to her house on behalf of the Committee, and "Rudolph of Radnage" will attend the function, wearing *le dernier cri* in collars and monogram coats.

St. Giles's Christian Mission

The winter work of the St. Giles's Christian Mission, for the assistance of discharged prisoners, has now begun, and urgent appeals are being made for help. This is one of those charities which appeal strongest to one's human nature, as anything that can be done to enable a deserving ex-convict to rehabilitate himself meets with our deepest sympathy. The Superintendent is Mr. W. Wheatley, of 4, Ampton Street, Regent Square, W.C.

Shaftesbury Theatre

On the occasion of the four hundredth performance by Mr. Arthur Bourchier's Company of *The Walls of Jericho*, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, last Saturday evening, Mr. Alfred Sutro's play was preceded by a one-act piece by the same author, entitled *The Correct Thing*. Included in the cast is Miss Darragh, who appears as Kitty Bellamy, the part she originated when *The Correct Thing* was given at a matinée last summer. The part of D'Arcy Galbraith is played by Mr. Nye Chart. *The Correct Thing* will be repeated every evening.

An Acknowledgment

The photographs of Lady Lytton and Alfred Austin that appeared in our last week's issue were taken by Messrs. Langfier, of Old Bond Street.

An Amazing Offer

The *Standard* devoted its placards recently to announcing "An Amazing Offer." The offer is to give its subscribers, present and prospective, two books a day to read in addition to the daily copy of the paper; and the cost, it appears, will be about tenpence a week, or about 1½*d.* per day. Certainly, there seems no lack of liberality about the terms and conditions of the *Standard* Reading Club. The choice of books is to be practically unrestricted, there is no limit to the number of exchanges that may be made, and London subscribers need not be put to the expense of a single penny for carriage. Bean and Co., the well-known carriers, will deliver and collect books every day, carriage free both ways. A booklet, explaining the plan in detail, but concisely, will be sent to anyone who applies to the Manager of the *Standard* Reading Club, Shoe Lane, London, E.C. We can strongly recommend our readers to write for a copy.

Prince's Restaurant

There have been many smart luncheon and dinner parties at Prince's Restaurant during the past few days. Lord Edward Pelham-Clinton was entertaining a party, including Mr. Lewis Waller. Lady Western and the Hon. F. Hill were also entertaining friends. Amongst the other visitors were Lord Powerscourt, Mr. Graham Murray, M.P., Mr. Lawson Johnston, Lady Annesley, Lord Mayo, Lady Fitzwilliam, Lord and Lady Lathom, Sir Arthur Lucas, The Duke of Manchester, Lord Gerard, and Sir Charles Dilke, M.P.

Notice to our Subscribers

The Title Page and Index to Volume VII. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* stamp to cover cost of postage.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

"Well, here's my comfort." SHAKESPEARE
FOR GENTLEMEN.
THE H.W. Velvet Grip (PATENT)
BOSTON GARTER

In Blue, Pink, Cardinal, Black and White.
Cotton (plain) 1s. pair.
Cotton (check) 1s. pair.
Silk (plain) 2s. pair.
By Post 1d. extra.
L. & R. WOODERSON (Under the Tree),
"The Acme of Comfort."
"The Height of Perfection."
122/4, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

IN THREE STRENGTHS.
"THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY."
Ask your Tobacconist for
"LUNTIN" Mixture.
SEND 7d. IN STAMPS
for sample packet, and name of nearest agent, from Sole Manufacturers—
THOMSON & PORTEOUS, EDINBURGH.